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SEPTEMBER 16, 1899

THE GRAPHIC.

AN
ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY
NEWSPAPER.



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190

LONDON

PRICE NINEPENCE

THE GRAPHIC, SEPTEMBER 16, 1899



PORTRAIT OF DON ANTONIO ALONSO PIMENTEL, COUNT OF BENAVENTE.

FROM THE PICTURE BY VELASQUEZ IN THE MUSEO DEL PRADO

THE GEOGRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1899

WITH EXTRA SUPPLEMENT
"Don Antonio Alonso Pimentel," by Velasquez

PRICE NINEPENCE
By Post, 9½d.



DRAWN BY W. HATHERELL, R.I.

FROM A SKETCH BY H. EGERSDORFER

Recruiting at Cape Town for the Frontier Mounted Police has been going on very rapidly. The officials have been kept hard at work examining in small batches the huge crowd which swarmed up to the office, almost in one continual stream, to offer their services. The men enrolled were passed by the medical officer in the afternoon, and were immediately despatched up-country. The recruiting announcement has called forth

unbounded enthusiasm from veterans and novices alike, but the strict rule is that only thoroughly trained mounted men with satisfactory discharges are taken on. The railway station is now each evening the scene of considerable excitement and enthusiasm as the batches of men are despatched, the trains departing amid quite a tumult of cheering from both train and platform.

THE TRANSVAAL CRISIS: ENTHUSIASM AT CAPE TOWN: IN A RECRUITING OFFICE

Topics of the Week

Rennes and After

AMAZEMENT and perplexity were the dominant feelings with which the world followed the procedure of the Rennes court-martial, but in face of the evidence none could doubt in his heart that a verdict of innocence was inevitable. The verdict actually formulated has shocked the moral sense of every civilised people. So cowardly a paltering with truth has never been seen before. Unjust verdicts have been rendered ere now by corrupt and misguided judges, but they have been given boldly, cynically, uncompromisingly. The verdict of Rennes is not of this kind. It is less unjust and cruel than it is base and cowardly. Judge Jefferies, *pekin* though he was, would have laughed these five quavering soldiers of Rennes to scorn. They had not the courage of their monstrous iniquity. Afraid of the generals, they declared Dreyfus guilty of the blackest treason without a shadow of proof or even presumption; afraid of their own consciences, they declared this heinous crime to be excusable, and that consequently a light—comparatively light—punishment might be imposed on the traitor. One feels almost ashamed of wasting one's indignation on so pitiable an exhibition of poltroonery, on so ludicrous a display of moral infirmity. And these are the soldiers of France—or rather their officers! Generations will retain in their minds this disgraceful picture of the French warrior—on the one hand gold-laced and bestarred generals trafficking with forgery and perjury, masquerading in false beards and blue spectacles in order to save from punishment one of the meanest creatures that ever walked the earth, conspiring with fanatics and rogues and violating the law to ruin an innocent man; on the other hand, a court-martial of independent officers, with the truth blistering their eyes, saying aye to the aforesaid generals for the sake of a discipline and an *esprit de corps* which they imagine can be served by mendacity and injustice, and yet, at the same time, trembling for their souls and taking refuge in imbecile reservations. To confound the whole of France with this monstrous verdict seems to us unfair. In the first place it is too absurd to last, in the second place it is not universally approved, and thirdly it is only just to remember that if the Army has given us this picture of decadence and degradation, it has also yielded some fine examples of honesty, courage, and even heroism. The two young officers who stood out against their seniors on the court-martial, and gave their votes for truth and justice, are also French soldiers, and so, too, are the heroic Picquart, the high-principled Freystätter, the virile Hartmann, the staunch Forzinetti, and the truthful Sebert, Bruyère, Four-Lamothe, and Bernheim. They represent a large and growing saving remnant in the Army, while outside we have men like Zola, Trarieux, Clémenceau, Jaurès, Reinach, Demange, Labori, Bard, Lazare, and a hundred others, who are keeping pure and undefiled the high traditions of the French nation. The Rennes court-martial has cast a slur on the French people which will never be effaced, but we do not believe the nation will make light of it. It will, we are persuaded, provoke a reaction, tardy, perhaps, which will give France new life and a fresh incentive to live it worthily. We never believed more firmly in the triumph of the good cause in France than in this darkest hour of the nation's degradation, for the Rennes court-martial has not so much voiced the madness of the baser elements in the land as it has unwittingly caricatured it. It will not be long before these baser elements themselves see it.

Mr. Chamberlain's Despatch

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S despatch to President Kruger unquestionably bears the character of an ultimatum. This communication ends with a scarcely veiled menace of hostilities, if the Transvaal Government continues its irritating policy of procrastinating evasiveness. It was full time to speak that definite word; not only is South Africa in a state of dangerous unrest, now fast spreading to the black population, but British commercial and industrial interests are smitten with semi-paralysis. The one danger is that the Boers will not even now read aright the stern writing on the wall which Mr. Chamberlain has inscribed for their enlightenment. But although their intellectual density may be unequal to the performance of that task, even the dumbest among them must surely place the right interpretation on our preparations for war. Even such a wealthy country as Great Britain does not spend treasure lavishly in equipping an Army Corps for active service in a distant part of the world without being thoroughly in earnest. Nor can Mr. Kruger and his colleagues entertain the slightest doubt as to what the inevitable result of such an unequal conflict would be. That the Boers would fight bravely and desperately is certain, but it would be a struggle between a pigmy and a giant. After all, the concessions now insisted upon by Mr. Chamberlain differ very slightly from Sir A. Milner's "irreducible minimum." Mr. Kruger's latest offer covered more than that ground, and would have been frankly accepted had he not tagged on a demand for the abrogation of British suzerainty. That is, of course, out of the question; the ultimatum must be accepted or rejected as it stands, without the alteration of a single particular. Then, and not till then, the two Governments may consult as to the most effectual methods of giving permanence to the *modus vivendi* to be established on this well-defined basis.

Jack on Strike

MR. HAVELOCK WILSON'S "national strike" has proved, so far, a very conspicuous fiasco. Except in a few isolated instances, outgoing ships have obtained crews without the least difficulty; not a single one of the great liners has, we believe, been delayed even for twenty-four hours. Here and there the coasting trade has suffered some slight inconvenience, while "tramp" steamers running at starvation wages have had to give higher pay. But Mr. Wilson undertook to accomplish far more than these petty embarrassments; the "national strike" was to bring the shipowners as a body to their knees. Happily, the seamen and firemen to whom he so confidently appealed misjudged his power of smashing that efficient defensive organisation, the Shipping Federation. Mr. Wilson had on previous occasions led them to defeat, and they very wisely concluded to hold back until he gave some convincing proof of his superior generalship. That proof still waits to be shown; the only result so far of this foolish attempt to break steel with straws is that the British mercantile marine now employs a few more foreign seamen than it did before the strike was proclaimed.

The Rival Yachts

It is a happy feature of the approaching Anglo-American yacht match that it has not yet given rise to the slightest exacerbation of temper on either side. Whether the *Shamrock* or the *Columbia* wins, therefore, our friendly relations with our Transatlantic kinsfolk will not suffer strain, as was undoubtedly the case after the contest between the *Valkyrie* and the *Defender*. Sir Thomas Lipton may not succeed in his sporting endeavour to bring back the *America* Cup to England, but he has unquestionably a very fast and weatherly boat in the *Shamrock*. Whether on a wind or close hauled she slips through the water at a rare pace, while her owner believes that she will show to even greater comparative advantage in very light breezes. The design of her hull, it appears, is a compromise between the long and narrow type formerly favoured on this side of the Atlantic, and the "skimming dish" pattern of American origin. Her antagonist, the *Columbia*, is longer but narrower, and of less displacement. Both are built throughout of materials combining strength with lightness, and both carry sails and spars which in times not very remote would have been considered dangerously large for yachts of twice the size. As the course is to be patrolled by gunboats, there should be none of that crowding in by excursion steamers which, on previous occasions, allowed no chance to the second boat.

The Rumoured Disaster to French Arms

It is to be hoped that the account brought to Tripoli of the alleged annihilation of the Fourreau-Lamy Expedition by the Tuaregs will prove to be an exaggeration of some more or less trifling reverse. When Major Marchand was making his way to the Nile, it was repeatedly reported that he and his gallant little band had been wiped out. But the Tuaregs are much more formidable foes than the timid tribes that famous explorer usually chanced upon. Implacable in their hatred of white men, splendid fighters, fairly armed, and capable of quick combination, these fierce savages will have to be dealt with before the projected railway from Southern Algeria to Lake Chad can be seriously taken in hand. It was along its proposed route—the old caravan road—that the Fourreau-Lamy Expedition was proceeding to the lake where the French, English, and German West African boundaries meet. It is known to have reached the oasis of Air in safety, and although it was there attacked, its assailants were easily beaten off from the rough fortifications which the French Commander had improvised. After this repulse, the local sheikhs made submission, but this may have been a ruse to tempt the French to continue their long march to Agades on the skirts of the oasis.

A Record Scoring Year

PRINCE RANJITSINHJI'S eleven for America—where, in spite of the curiosity to see the great Indian cricketer, the matches are likely to play second fiddle in interest and excitement to the great race for the *America* Cup—still keeps alive the moribund cricket of the season. But on nearly every ground the goal posts have supplanted the stumps, and, in the North of England, at any rate, the long-drawn struggle for the County Championship has almost been forgotten in the beginning of the contest, doubly long, for the Championship of the Football League. It has been, none the less, a season which will be memorable long after the winners of Cup Ties and League Championships have been forgotten, for it has been the greatest scoring year ever known in the annals of cricket; and if we take into account the growing agitation in favour of some means of curtailing the batsman's privileges, it is likely so to remain for a long time to come. More first-class matches have been played in the four months between May and September than ever before, more centuries have been scored—the number of these is, in fact, close upon 250, for two-thirds of which the amateurs have been responsible.

Major Peore and Ranjitsinhji have created new batting records, and the only bowling record is one that is pretty associated with batting—Albert Trott's feat of scoring 100 runs and taking 200 wickets. It is a little curious that two out of the three records of the year should go, one to an Indian and the other to a Colonial.

Club Comments

By "MARMADUKE"

A NEW tribunal has been created—the tribunal of the International Conscience. Henceforth Humanity shall be the ultimate appeal—Humanity enlightened, Humanity clothed, Humanity free, Humanity powerful and rich, and able to enforce the judgment which it pronounces. The police of Humanity are the three giants, Steam, Electricity and the Press. Circumstances are invariably stronger than combination: the proposal recently submitted to the Congress at The Hague has been real at Rennes!

We are in the presence of a historical phenomenon. A hundred years ago the French Revolution blasted the main root of medievalism; the remnants have been shattered by the court-martial at Rennes. Henceforth gross injustice, when committed either by nations or by classes, will be condemned by the tribunal of the International Conscience.

The Dreyfus case is the most bewildering problem which has ever been devised. First, there is an absolute absence of motive, for, on the one hand, Dreyfus had no motive for selling his country, and, on the other hand, no motive has been declared which could make Ministers and generals hound him down as they have. It is ridiculous to suppose that hundreds of prominent men, who have hitherto led honourable lives, have combined to ruin a comparatively obscure captain merely because he is a Jew. Secondly, there was no evidence before the Court at Rennes that any treacherous act had been committed by any one, much less by Dreyfus, and yet the highly logical French intellect is convinced that he has been justly convicted!

Those who are acquainted with the best social world of France know what hundreds of highly educated, carefully trained, scrupulously honourable, and deeply religious men and women there are in it, yet the majority of these are rabidly anti-Dreyfusard. That is inexplicable! These men and women are especially tolerant, and most of them have many intimate friends who are Jews, so that religion cannot possibly be the cause of the prejudice which they entertained against him.

The following letter has been addressed to me:—"Sir, in your 'Comments' of the 2nd instant you speak of the bitter feeling against France created by the Dreyfus case as being the more regrettable on account of the effect it must have on the Paris Exhibition. Why? Is there not rather cause for some little satisfaction, especially now that the savage persecution of an innocent man has culminated in the greatest judicial crime of the century, in the thought that honest men throughout the world have the opportunity for protesting against the infamy by declining the invitation of France to visit her exhibition! Many noble and generous Frenchmen there are still—the trial itself has revealed several—but as a nation France has revolted the conscience of humanity, and I hope that thousands of Englishmen, like myself, have resolved never again to set foot on French soil, or so much as knowingly to consume anything of French origin until Dreyfus is free." Notwithstanding this vigorous protest, the writer still regrets that an opportunity for materially promoting the commercial interests of mankind has been jeopardised.

It is almost certain that the German Emperor and the King of Italy will withdraw their Military and Naval Attachés from France, and that an intimation will be conveyed to the French Government that the Military and Naval Attachés accredited by France to Berlin and Rome should be recalled. This step is the first of many which will shortly be taken in the direction of change in all the diplomatic bodies throughout the world. As soon as Parliament reassembles the Government is to be asked if British Military and Naval Attachés are permitted to obtain intelligence by underhand methods, and if the answer is unsatisfactory, the House will be asked to abolish these appointments.

The most popular man in Europe at the present moment is unquestionably the German Emperor. On all sides the estimate of his character is expressed. If it is possible to do a generous, chivalrous act it is confidently expected of the German Emperor that he will be equal to the occasion. Those who know the complicated character of diplomatic transactions can only realise how grave a thing it was for the Emperor to publish, as he did last week, an official denial of the alleged connection of Dreyfus with the German Government. The adverse verdict delivered at Rennes must have been a terrible affront to the Emperor and to the members of the German Government.

This curious advertisement is quoted from the *Times*:—"THE CARRIAGE, with all its appurtenances, regularly used by the late Chancellor, Prince Bismarck, in his drives in Friedrichstrasse, is for SALE. Offers to, &c., &c."

The Bystander

"Stand by."—CAPTAIN CUTTLE

By J. ASHBY-STERRY

Remarks on the subject of croquet appears to have got me into a bit of a row. I have received an indignant letter from a young lady who writes a very pretty hand and signs herself "Mallet." The gist of this communication she says, "Far from being as you say, it is one of the most scientific games played." Well, all science is scarcely suggestive of frivolity, is it? It is not merely skill, but a considerable amount of science is required of the player. I am glad to say, in a somewhat extended knowledge of the game, I have seldom seen players lose their temper. I fancy quarrels are the exception rather than the rule." The "Mallet" must have been unusually fortunate, or possibly it may be her something influence that controls the angry passions of the players with whom she is brought in contact. "I may add, from personal experience, its facilities for flirting are admirable, and infinitely superior to those of lawn-tennis." (This testimony is valuable, for my correspondent evidently knows what she is writing about, and shows how totally ignorant I must be with regard to the flirtatious advantages of various games.) "I hope you will admit that your opinions are unjust." Well, really, I scarcely think the Bystanderian conscience will allow me to go as far as that immediately—but I have no doubt that, if I had the good fortune to be able some fine afternoon, on some well-shaded, velvety lawn to engage in this scientific game with Miss Mallet—especially recollecting the "facilities" alluded to—I should be willing to admit anything.

Strollers on the "sweet shady side of Fall Mall" will probably be agast at an extraordinary architectural combination which is now on view at the Athenæum Club. The severely classic building which was erected by Decimus Burton well-nigh seventy years ago, now presents a very strange appearance. On the top of the house is erected apparently a Swiss chalet of ample proportions, and wild and various are the rumours as to what use is likely to be made of it. It was whispered it was to constitute an entirely novel idea in club luxury, and that it was to be a provision against the very hot weather we may expect next year. It was said that the chalet alluded to was to be environed with pine-trees, that snow was to be simulated on the roof and round about, so as to give an Alpine aspect to the place. Moreover, it was reported that the whole of the interior was to be fitted up as a gigantic refrigerator where the members could go and enjoy a winter temperature in the middle of summer. I must say the present aspect of the club-house leads one to imagine that such a project might by no means be unlikely, but I believe, as a matter of fact, the alterations have another object in view—that is the erection of a new smoking-room which will give far better accommodation than the tobaccocalonians of this club have hitherto enjoyed. I fancy the Swiss chalet is only a temporary erection for the shelter of the workmen. But the appearance of the house is now so striking and bizarre that it is to be hoped it will not escape the attention of the irrepressible snapshooter.

Among the many absurd customs of railway companies is that of the monthly ticket, which compels you to lose the diminution in fare if you do not use it within the month. This is especially absurd, seeing it is altogether opposed to the soundest commercial principles. The longer you delay your return the more it is for the benefit of the railway company, as all this time they are getting interest for your money without giving you anything for it. If you buy wine in quantity you get it cheaper than by the bottle, but by doing so you are not compelled to drink it within a certain time. In exactly the same way, by paying for two journeys at once you get a discount which makes them come at a cheaper rate than one, but to compel you to use both tickets within a given period is as childish as it is vexatious. Indeed, this regulation is so unreasonable that it ought to be abrogated without further delay. We ought to be able to buy as many railway tickets as we like and use them whenever we please, and the more we buy the greater the amount of discount we should receive. A long while ago I wrote in the columns of *The Graphic* an exhaustive article on "Tickets," but I grieve to say many of the reforms I advocated in that paper still await being put into practice.

I never see the introduction to the work of a great author written by a little scribe, but what I think of the monkey on the organ! I have somewhat outspoken and irritable critic the other day. Though I am scarcely indorse the somewhat scathing remark of the absurd irrepressible person, everybody must admit the craze for introductions is overdone. Occasionally, however, we find the introduction to a great author's book written by a great author—but even then we should be more grateful to him if he had devoted the time to some special composition of his own. "Good wine requires no bush," and good books require no introduction. The British public is sufficiently well educated to understand and appreciate the work of a great writer without assistance. There are, however, thousands of books brought out in the course of the year that few people can understand, and no one can tell why they should be published at all. If the writers of introductions would devote their talents to the aforesaid mysterious publications, all readers would be truly thankful.

Mr. Punch is always a favourite with children; his volumes are the pet scrap-book of which the youngsters never tire in many a family. Therefore they will be doubly pleased to find he has merry and genial words to say with regard to "The Baby in the Train," and cordially supports the notion of a Nursery Saloon. Moreover, he gives excellent pictures which show clearly the practical working of the project. Only look at the baby's bar, where rusks and milk may be obtained; observe the rattle vendor, for whose wares a crowd of tiny travellers are clamouring; note the gigantic harlequin being received with screams of delight; just glance at the swinging cot for somniferous scrapings; and above all gaze upon the "efficient nurse-guard," whom you will find by no means the least among the many attractions. Surely this is quite sufficient to soften even the stoutest of directorial hearts, and induce them to at once establish saloons "For Babies Only" on all the principal trains.

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BRIGHTON.—The Pullman Limited will run on October 1 and every subsequent Sunday (until further notice) at 11.0 a.m. from Victoria Station to

BRIGHTON IN 60 MINUTES. Passengers should book in advance at Victoria, or City Office, 6, Arthur Street, East, as the number of seats is limited.

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| | A | B | A | B | A | B | A | B | A | B | A | B | A | B | A | B | A | B | A | B | A | B |
| Victoria | 8.10 | 9.0 | 8.25 | 9.10 | 8.10 | 9.0 | 8.10 | 9.0 | 8.10 | 9.0 | 8.10 | 9.0 | 8.10 | 9.0 | 8.10 | 9.0 | 8.10 | 9.0 | 8.10 | 9.0 | 8.10 | 9.0 |
| Kensington | 7.20 | 8.45 | 7.10 | 8.35 | 7.20 | 8.45 | 7.20 | 8.45 | 7.20 | 8.45 | 7.20 | 8.45 | 7.20 | 8.45 | 7.20 | 8.45 | 7.20 | 8.45 | 7.20 | 8.45 | 7.20 | 8.45 |
| Clapham Junction | 8.15 | 9.10 | 8.30 | 9.25 | 8.15 | 9.10 | 8.15 | 9.10 | 8.15 | 9.10 | 8.15 | 9.10 | 8.15 | 9.10 | 8.15 | 9.10 | 8.15 | 9.10 | 8.15 | 9.10 | 8.15 | 9.10 |
| London Bridge | 8.5 | 9.40 | 8.25 | 9.15 | 8.5 | 9.40 | 8.5 | 9.40 | 8.5 | 9.40 | 8.5 | 9.40 | 8.5 | 9.40 | 8.5 | 9.40 | 8.5 | 9.40 | 8.5 | 9.40 | 8.5 | 9.40 |

* (Addison Road). A.—Every Weekday in Sept., 12s., 8s., 6d., 6s. B.—Sundays, Sept. 17 and 24. D.—Every Weekday, 12s. Brighton, 13s. Worthing, including Pullman Car to Brighton. E.—Every Saturday 10s. 6d. F.—Every Saturday, 11s. G.—Every Sunday, Pullman Car 13s. 6d. First Class 11s. 6d. H.—Every Sunday, Pullman Car, 12s., First Class, 10s.

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GREAT HOLIDAY PROGRAMME. Admission One Shilling. Children Sixpence. MARVELLOUS ATTRACTIONS. WONDERFUL SIGHTS. THE WORLD'S GREAT SHOW, 2.10 and 7.10. EARLY VARIETIES, 10.40 a.m.

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NOTICE.—A GRAND EXHIBITION of DAHLIAS by the NATIONAL DAHLIA SOCIETY will be held on Tuesday and Wednesday, September 19 and 20. No Extra Charge, and all Entertainments as usual.

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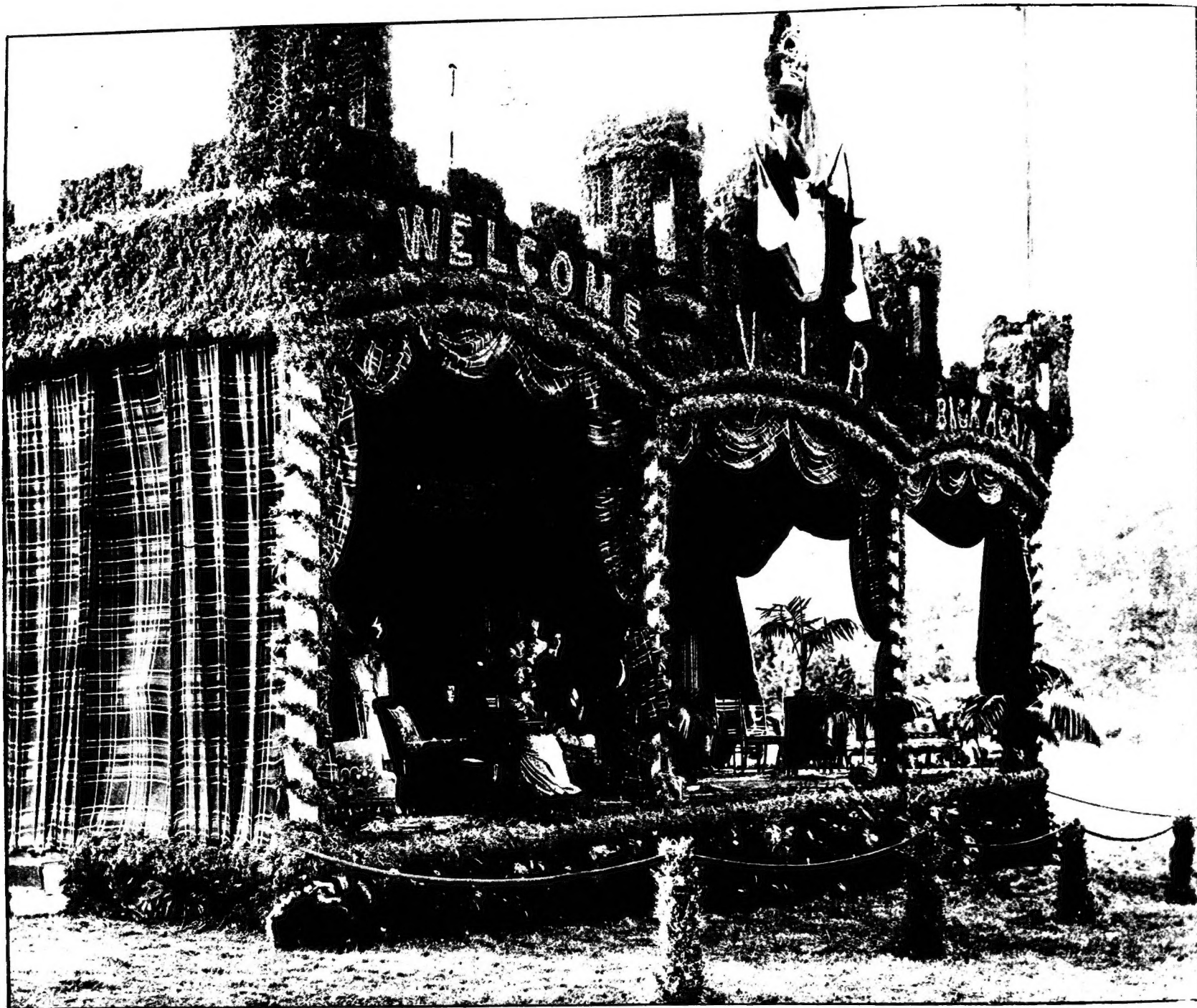
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POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S GRAPHIC are as follows:—To any part of the United Kingdom, 6d. per copy irrespective of weight. To any other part of the World the rate would be 3d. FOR EVERY 2 OZ. Care should, therefore, be taken to correctly WEIGH AND STAMP all copies so forwarded.



The annual meeting of the Braemar Royal Highland Society was by command of the Queen held in a field near Balmoral. In point of numbers both of clansmen and visitors the meeting was a record one. Not only were there visitors from Deeside and the villages in the Royal Valley, but from Glasgow, Edinburgh, and other towns in the south, Inverness, and towns in the north as well. At three o'clock, when the games

were at their height, Her Majesty, accompanied by Princess Beatrice and the Duchess of York, drove on to the ground, and was received with a Royal salute as she passed to her pavilion between the lines of clansmen in full Highland dress and accoutrements.

THE QUEEN AND THE CLASMEN: HER MAJESTY AT THE BRAEMAR GATHERING

From a Photograph by R. Milne, Ballater

The Worcester Musical Festival

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT)

THE 176th Festival of the Three Choirs is in progress this week at Worcester, where a series of very interesting performances have taken place under the direction of Mr. Ivor Atkins, Mus. Bac., who was appointed organist of the cathedral two years ago, and now conducts the Festival for the first time. Of late years, particularly since younger blood has been imported into the concern, these Three Choirs Festivals have taken quite a fresh lease of life, for the novelties are chosen with excellent discretion, and the general programmes are for the most part of masterpieces and other works likely to be interesting to local musicians and the supporters of the Festival. It seems curious now to reflect that barely thirty years ago these Festivals very nearly came to an end, when, at the instigation of the late Lord Dudley, the ordinary oratorios and larger works were replaced by hymns and anthems sung by the members of the Three Choirs only. The Earl of Dudley, once so great a power at Her Majesty's Opera, and to whom Worcester Cathedral owes its restoration, now reposes in death under the roof of the venerable building where this week's Festival is being held, and the only result of his intervention was to make the Festival less like a concert. In deference, indeed, to the very proper views of the clergy, the Festivals now partake far more than they used to of the nature of religious ceremonies. The seats are arranged longitudinally instead of backs to the altar. Every morning this week the oratorio has been preceded by a shortened form of prayers and collects, daily services have been held morning and evening, and the Festival itself opened with a special service in the cathedral on Sunday afternoon, in which the full choir and the orchestra took part. The programme did not contain any special novelties, but it included the inevitable "Old Hundredth," followed by the special Psalms sung to Dr. Woodward's Chant in D, the service music being Stanford in A

and Mendelssohn's anthems "In exitu Israel" and "Hear My Prayer," the solo sung by Madame Amy Sherwin, who now made her first Festival appearance. The sermon was preached by the Bishop of Truro, after which the band played Wagner's "Kaiser Marsch," the very inclusion of which in a cathedral service would fairly have frightened the late Lord Dudley.

The principal novelties of the Festival were Mr. Lee Williams's *Harvest Song*, which was performed on Tuesday; an effectively written orchestral piece, by no means too sombre in tone, entitled *A Solemn Prelude*, specially written by the young West African musician, Mr. Coleridge Taylor, and produced in the cathedral on Wednesday morning, and the *Hora Novissima* of Mr. Horatio Parker, Professor of Music at Yale University. Apart from these works the Festival, which commenced with *Eljah*, Mr. Andrew Black singing the part of the Prophet, and Madame Albani likewise taking part, comprised the chorus (with solo for Mr. Plunket Greene); *Die Vatergruft* by Peter Cornelius; two parts of Haydn's *Creation*, Brahms's *German Requiem*, Elgar's *Light of Life*, Dvorák's *Te Deum*, Palestrina's *Stabat Mater*, Beethoven's Seventh Symphony in A, Spohr's *Last Judgment* (the principal parts sung by Madame Albani, Miss Crossley, Mr. Edward Lloyd and Mr. Plunket Greene); Bach's *God's Time is the Best Time*, Sir Hubert Parry's *Blest Pair of Sirens*, Mendelssohn's *Hymn of Praise*, Handel's *Messiah*, and a secular programme in which Wagner's music played a very important part. In this secular programme also Mr. Elgar conducted his *Orchestral Variations* originally produced by Dr. Richter last June, but since revised and in part re-written.

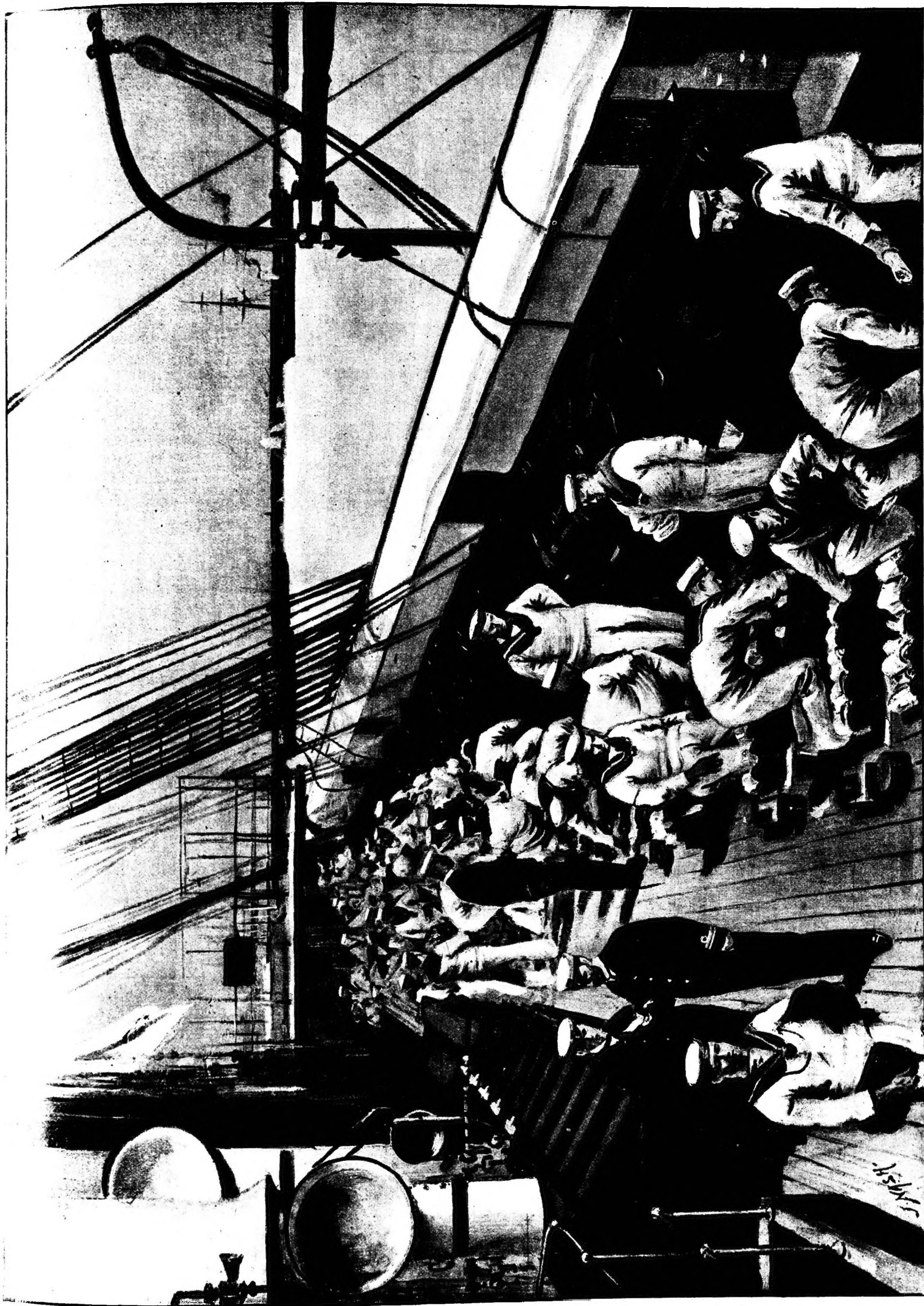
WILLIAMS'S "HARVEST SONG"

A "Harvest Song" by Mr. C. Lee Williams, formerly one of the Three Choirs Festival conductors, is manifestly intended for the church, and perhaps, in more modest form, without orchestra, it will certainly be useful at harvest festivals. The words are by Mr. Joseph Bennett, and they form, in fact, a song of thanksgiving for a bountiful harvest. Mr. Lee Williams makes considerable use of

choral recitative, but wisely enough he only employs a couple of soloists. After the chorus in recitative have declaimed "See what God hath done for us," the soprano soloist (in this case Madame Sherwin) carries on the narrative, "He sent the early rains." The chorus describes "How the waters greener grew," and again the soloist takes up the story of the "Singing of the harvest" and the "Coming of the Summer." The rest of this part of the cantata is for chorus only, it ending with the German *Choral* "Now thank we," which can, if desirable, be replaced by any other hymn tune. The second part is more especially a series of praise, and it is mainly for chorus, save as to a solo, "His goodness kindness never endeth," sung by Miss Muriel Foster. Mr. Lee Williams conducted in person.

PARKER'S "HORA NOVISSIMA"

It was a happy idea to include in the programmes of the Worcester Festival a work by a representative American church musician. Professor Horatio William Parker is a Massachusetts man, and is thirty-six years of age. His mother and first teacher is a professional musician, but Professor Parker, after studying under the American composer, Mr. Chadwick, went to Munich, where he studied composition under Rheinberger and conducting under Liszt. He is now organist of one of the most important churches in America, and he is likewise conductor of the Church Choral Society of New York, for whom the present work was written in 1897. The oratorio, of course, is written to the Latin text of Bernard of Morlaix, but an English translation from the pen of the composer's mother is added. Last of all comes a quartet and chorus of a massive character, which brings to an effective ending a work the chief characteristics of which are excellent part writing and devotional feeling rather than originality of inspiration. *Hora Novissima*, the chief parts in which were announced to be sung on Thursday morning at Worcester by Messdames Albani and Crossley, Messrs. Lloyd and Plunket Greene, will be introduced to London in March by the Royal Choral Society at the Albert Hall.



FROM A SKETCH BY H. S. BURNISTON, R.N.

At regular intervals the entire kit of each bluejacket on board Her Majesty's vessels is closely examined by the officer, the kits being brought up on deck and neatly arranged for convenient inspection

LIFE ON BOARD A WARSHIP: EXAMINATION OF THE KITS

DRAWN BY J. NASH, R.I



DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I.

The news of the verdict at Rennes was known in Paris within a few moments of the time when it was delivered. It was received with a strange and unexpected calm, and there was no need anywhere of the services of the troops—horse, foot, and artillery—which were ready to suppress disorder. Here and there, at the

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST

newspaper offices, where the result was placarded in the windows, the crowd around applauded, but nowhere was there anything approaching a street riot.

THE CONDEMNATION OF DREYFUS: RECEPTION OF THE NEWS IN PARIS

Place aux Dames"

BY LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

The contrasted dresses of the present day have directed ladies more especially to their figures, until a perfect craze has arisen. To avoid stoutness has become the woman's great aim in life, and the tendency to be combated at all costs. Some women starve themselves, and are barely enough nourishment to keep body and soul together. Some tight-lace in order to preserve their waists (a practice, others go to baths and take nasty waters, violent exercise or have recourse to specialists for result is sometimes ludicrous, as when one sees a woman skipping, running, or taking long walks before a mirror, and the fact remains that ladies are determined to grow thin. The late Empress of Austria kept her waist eighteen inches, and was weighed and dieted and her figure was an exceptionally fine one, and the extremes of dieting are sometimes successful, and often endanger health.

It is therefore with interest that one listens to the opinion of an authority like Mr. Eugen Sandow on the subject. He asserts that women may preserve an ideal figure by fresh air and exercise, and by these two factors only. He disapproves entirely of corsets, which he qualifies as tight splints, and he attributes to their use the weakness of the muscles of the back and a susceptibility to lung disease. Naturally he condemns eighteen-inch waists, and prefers the Venus of Milo with her twenty-four inches of circumference. But though he advises outdoor sports, while not considering them as good as the ancient game of ball played by Nausicaa and her maidens, he tells us that it is the muscle of the trunk which require exercise in order to hinder the invasion of *embonpoint*, and neither cycling, walking, nor rowing sufficiently employ these muscles. No woman need fear, he says, to become too muscular, as a layer of adipose tissue is peculiar to her structure and is really intended to soften the outlines. Of course exercise in stays cannot, according to this theory, ever really produce beneficial results. But will women ever consent to lay aside their well-beloved corsets, and grow erect, fair, and strong as nature intended?

Another authority is inclined to cavil at the pernicious habit of wearing high heels. I fancy the practice, at any rate in the country, is going out, for one cannot take long walks over rough ground, bicycle, or play tennis in high heels. In towns and abroad they are still very popular, no doubt owing to the idea that heels give the effect of a high instep (a beauty much admired), and add to the height of little women. But it is not only the short, but the tall people who adopt them. I am informed by a medical man that high heels are even more baneful to health than tight lacing, owing to the effect produced on the spine and the position of certain internal organs. In addition the profile view of a high-heeled foot is simply hideous. To any one who has ever walked barefoot and felt the delicious play of the unencumbered toes and the springiness of the muscles, high heels and pointed toes are an abomination. I am inclined to think English bootmakers are much to blame, for the leather of boots is frequently so hard and unyielding, and the cut of the foot so clumsy, that resort is had to high heels and pointed toes in order to give a fictitious elegance to the footgear. The Vienna shoe-makers are as famous for pretty boots as they are for of our tailor-made dresses.

On the last I have familiarised us with the term society lady, but I now read in the pages of a contemporary of a "society mother." What is this new strategy? There is a flavour of communism about it, and a reminiscence of Plato. A society mother, no doubt, must be

a woman who offers her children as a holocaust to society; they belong not to her, individually, but to the world at large. A little further on I read that a society mother is one who has married her daughters well and may henceforth, I presume, rest on her laurels. The word is therefore another reading of the old term match-making mothers. I fancied that in these modern days it was the girls who married themselves, and the mothers who agreed, in sporting parlance, "to take a back seat;" the term society mother, therefore, requires explanation.

Now that the weather seems finally to have broken up, and that we may hope to experience bright if chilly mornings and evenings, the question of autumn gowns comes to the fore. The hunting costume worn by the Austrian ladies, and which seems to have been adopted at the picnics in the woods at Marienbad by the Prince of Wales's guests, might with advantage be popularised for Scotch expeditions or golf-playing in England. It is made of a peculiar cloth, in grey, green or other colours. The skirt is short, reaching but little below the knee, where it is met by high boots of brown leather. A short jacket, a tight-fitting waistcoat, and a Tyrolean hat, with a black cock's feather stuck jauntily in it complete the costume, which is serviceable and picturesque, and, made by a celebrated Viennese tailor, fits properly. Princess Metternich, always celebrated for her good dressing, first adopted it, and several other English ladies, Lady Algernon Gordon Lennox, Lady Féo Sturt, Madame de Brien, the Honourable Mrs. Chetwynd and others have copied her example. At all the big Hungarian shooting parties ladies wear the dress, and the gentlemen and keepers are also clothed in the green cloth, the tall deerskin boots and the hats with sporting trophies, the effect thus produced being as harmonious and charming as a picture in the Forest of Arden, with Rosalind in her jerkin and hose.

Queen Margherita of Italy is a woman of taste. She admires the Alhambra and she loves, as did the poets, the sound of rushing waters; she believes with Lord Bacon "that fountains are a great beauty and refreshment," so she has built herself a summer house, with courts set with fountains, after the Moorish fashion. Rome has been ransacked for objects of art and beauty to place within the palace, and the furnishing of the rooms is all directed towards coolness and rest. The Queen's bedroom will be of a pale shade of green, the furniture of it white, the bedstead decked with white satin and Honiton lace, while the dining-room contains carved oak and Gobelin tapestry, and the drawing-room is upholstered in pale blue and yellow. But above and beyond all is the splendid situation with a magnificent panorama of hills, woods, and snow-capped mountains, while flowers spring up all around. The tinkle of the fountain will alone break the restful silence, for "remember," said the Queen to her architect, "the sound of running water is one of my chief delights." Happy is one who can thus carry into effect the principal desires of her heart.

Is gambling among women on the increase? One of the most thrilling scenes in the new Drury Lane drama is said to be the truthful presentation of a game at baccarat in a fine lady's drawing-room, and we know that the stage holds the mirror up to nature. Certain it is that sixpenny whist in fashionable circles is out of date, and that bridge and poker lead to a vast amount of high wagering. People sit down regularly to cards now in the afternoon in country-houses, and in some lax establishments play goes on even on Sunday, an infraction of old-established habits. Women speculate, too, a good deal, and wager freely on horse-racing. These and various other facts point to a return of the gambling and card parties which prevailed at the end of the last century. Some women play well, cautiously, and with dash, but many are carried away with excitement and fear, and would soon, if permitted, lose their entire fortunes. To be a good gambler requires distinct qualities—coolness of head, intelligence, and a capacious and unerring memory. It is for this reason that statesmen and diplomats so often make excellent card-players.

Velasquez' Don Antonio Pimentel

THIS extraordinary portrait is one of the principal gems among all the three score examples of the great Master which grace the Prado of Madrid. We must admit that, rendered into black and white, the picture hardly seems to sustain the great reputation which it rightly enjoys. This arises, doubtless, from the contrast between the immense force in the almost off-hand painting of the armour and accessories, and the seeming smoothness and care in the rendering of the head. But it must be remembered that the wonderful effect of Velasquez' magic colour is here lacking—that arrangement of tone and hue which bring handling, brushwork, and design into perfect harmony.

Don Antonio Alonso Pimentel was the Count of Benavente, or Benevente, and was the head of one of the great Spanish families. He was one of those who prided themselves on their love and patronage of the arts, not confining his attention to national painters and sculptors alone. Sir Stirling Maxwell points out how "the Pimentels at Benevente . . . were rich in adornments and trophies of the chisels and pencils of Italy;" so that it was but natural that the head of the house should have had himself painted by the great Court Painter of his King, Philip the Fourth. It is curious to observe that Sir Stirling Maxwell does not identify this picture in his catalogue of Velasquez' works, but his description of the nameless portrait, No. 289, clearly corresponds with it, notwithstanding.

Don Antonio Pimentel was Gentleman of the Chamber to the King, and he sat for this picture in 1640 or 1641. At all events, it was wrought between the artist's two visits to Italy, and was completed two years before the disgrace of his chief patron, Olivarez—of whom the superb full-length hangs in our National Gallery. That the picture in question belongs to the date mentioned is proved by the summary, easy manner in which it is painted—what the Spaniards call his *manera abreviada*—the style that distinguished his latest works. The portrait is marvellous, alike as to life and truth; the execution is frank and deliberate, especially in the accessories—that is to say, in the damascened armour, the headpiece, the gauntlets and scarf of old pink. It is now numbered 1,090 in the Prado Gallery, and has been superbly photographed by the Berlin Photographic Company.

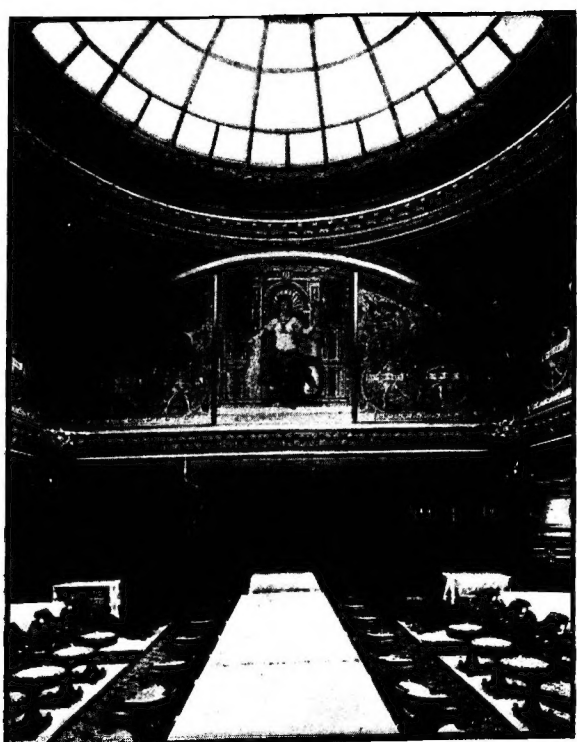
The Largest Steamer Afloat

THE photographs which we publish this week of the new White Star liner *Oceanic* give some idea of the vastness of the vessel and of the handsome manner in which she has been fitted up. The vessel, which was launched in January, it will be remembered, sailed on her first voyage from Liverpool to New York on the 6th inst. She carried on her maiden trip 384 saloon, 240 second-class, and 800 steerage passengers, besides 450 crew. The travelling public will be interested to know that a large number of cabins on board the *Oceanic* have been fitted up as one-berth cabins. The advantages of this arrangement will be fully appreciated by everyone, and, indeed, all the interior arrangements are excellent.

The state rooms of the vessel are unusually large and convenient; the passages, too, are wide and well ventilated. It would be impossible to improve upon the best state rooms of the *Oceanic*. Many of the suites on the upper decks are provided with bath-rooms, and all the fittings are luxurious. The library is a beautiful room on the promenade deck, 53ft. long by 40ft. wide, while the saloon, 80ft. by 64ft., has seating accommodation for 350 people. The plan of the library is quite out of the common. The room is entered through lofty folding-doors of mahogany. One finds one's self, then, in a recess, which is one of seven, grouped round the room. These are very cosy and comfortable. At the further end of the room is an alcove in which the bookcases stand. The entrance to the saloon is so arranged that, on reaching it, the visitor is enabled to see the whole interior at once. The principal decorative feature of the saloon is the large glass dome, which has been decorated by Mr. Clayton, of the firm of Messrs. Clayton and Bell. Our illustrations are from photographs by Bedford Lemere and Co., St. and.



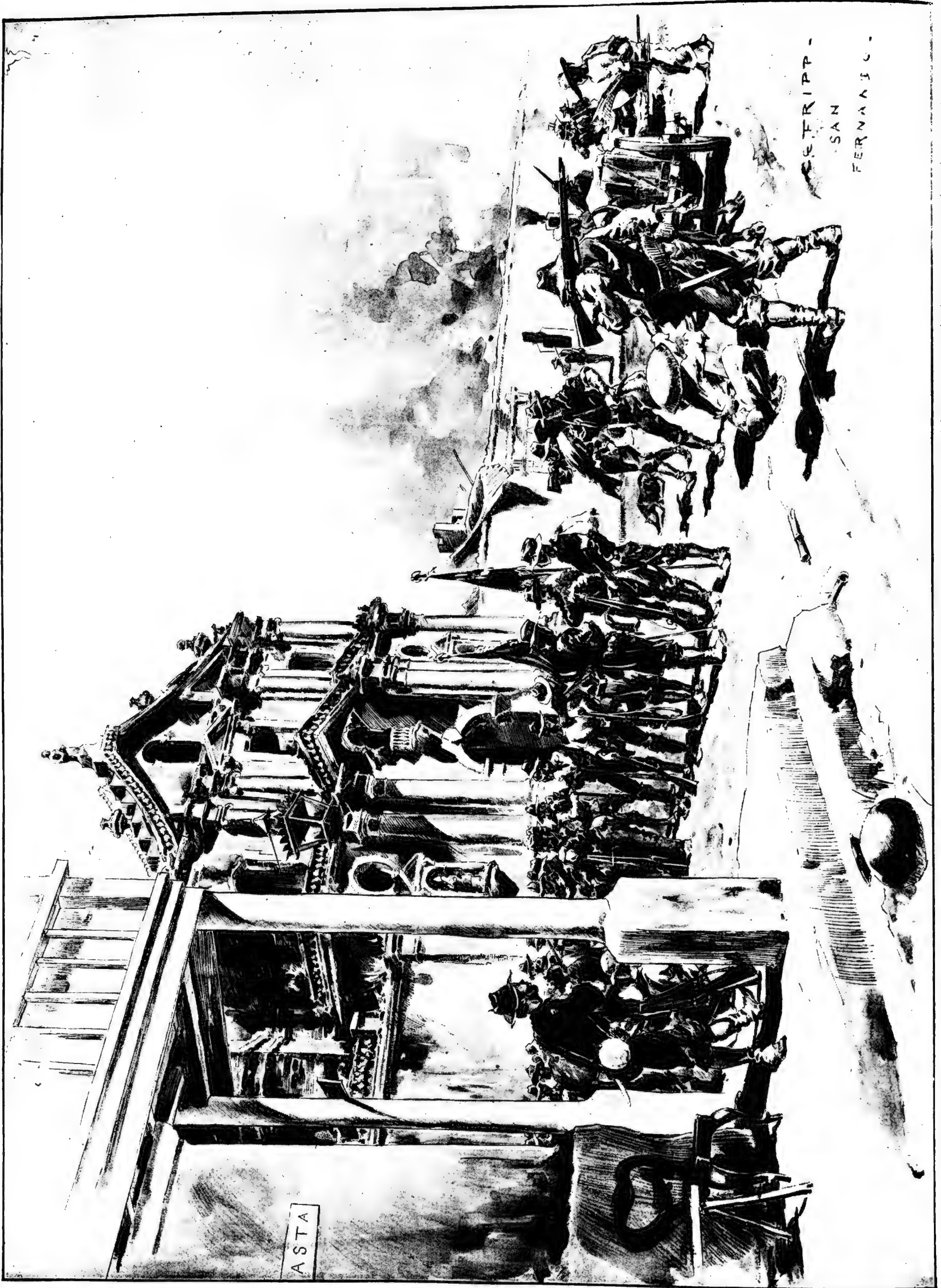
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THE SALOON



THE TOP OF THE STAIRCASE



ASTA

RETRIPP-
SAN
FERNANDO

When our artist came to San Fernando, which is a town of 10,000 inhabitants, he found the Church in the Plaza. The houses of the same type as those in Manila, and in some cases, also been started by fire; flames-etched for two or three miles. Their Chinese coolies lodged up with loads on poles or on stretchers, and the bullock carts, dragged slowly into the town in an irregular fish in at every opportunity.

THE TROUBLE IN THE PHILIPPINES: AMERICAN TROOPS ENTERING SAN FERNANDO

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. FRIDY, N.Y.C.



"Jack swung himself after her, caught her by the arm and flung her back into an elder bush"

WINEFRED: A STORY OF THE CHALK CLIFFS

By S. BARING-GOULD. Illustrated by EDGAR BUNDY, R.I.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A PASSAGE OF ARMS

With a feverish delight and pride in her new possession Marley to the exclusion of every other sensation. For in her life she was mistress of a house of her own. The cottage had been rented, and rented cheaply, because of its position.

That pride circled about her child, and had nothing to do with herself except so far as that Winefred was her own. It was she thought when she had the house put in order. The mason, plasterer, carpenter and paperhanger, and not the painter, but transformed the interior. It was with a sense of triumph that she brought Winefred to see the cottage when she had left it. She had not suffered her to go to it with her hands.

The house was largely refurnished. The windows were curtained, the parlour converted into a parlour, and papered and ceiling. The house was clean and bright, and in Mrs. Marley's eyes a fit home for a princess.

"How!" exclaimed Winefred, "this must have cost a great deal of money. How did you get it?" And when Jane Marley answered herself, "I know, Mrs. Jose told me from my father. But, oh, mother! the people do this. They are wicked and cruel. They say that you were from Captain Rattenbury when he was sick. It was as if my own dear mother could do such a thing!"

At a sudden impulse of affection, she threw her arms about her neck, and kissed her passionately. "Mother, do not

mind what they say! When I hear these spiteful, false words, I give it them back again, and make them jump, I assure you."

The abrupt change in Mrs. Marley's condition had, in fact, excited comment. It formed the main topic of discussion in Axmouth, Seaton, and Beer. It was disputed over in tavern and kitchen.

The Beer men, who had had extensive dealings with Rattenbury, spread over a good many years, declared that it was preposterous that he should die without leaving money, and money to a considerable amount.

He had not spent much at the village shops, but had dealt with wholesale merchants. No concealment had been attempted when freighting at Beer or Seaton for the French coast. The English Government was not called upon to investigate too minutely into the destination of goods shipped for the Continent. But concealment was sought on the return voyage, when the boats were laden with spirits from France, or China teas from the Channel Isles.

The Excise men were of the same opinion as their adversaries at Beer. Captain Rattenbury was undoubtedly a man of substance. He had defied them too long with impunity not to have made a good thing out of his business. If there had been now and then a run of ill luck, and some cargoes had been confiscated, he had recouped himself over and over again by others that had been successfully landed. He had been a slippery man, and a most successful one. That he should die and leave no assets was incredible.

The matter was looked at from every light, discussed by all, whether competent or incompetent to form an opinion, and Mrs. Jose was the only person who accepted Jane Marley's explanation of her sudden accession to what was, comparatively speaking, wealth.

Most loud and decided in his verdict was Oliver Dench. His red

face flamed when the subject was broached, and he spoke with a vehemence and quivering emotion that betokened rage—rage that his friend had been robbed and his friend's son left destitute.

The ferryman had ostentatiously offered hospitality to Jack, who had accepted it, just because he would be near the cottage till it was sold, and after that he continued to remain with Dench, because he had nowhere else whither he might go till he found for himself a suitable situation.

And being daily associated with the ferryman he had the opinion drummed into him, till his previous scepticism as to his father's wealth yielded, and he came to accept the view that he had been defrauded of his patrimony. But when and by what means Mrs. Marley had appropriated it remained obscure.

Every evening over their grog and pipes the matter was brought up and debated, but always without their arriving any nearer to a solution, till at last Jack became weary of the topic. Not so Dench, who was possessed with it, and could turn his thoughts to no other.

What perhaps conducted to lead Jack to believe in Jane's having robbed him was not so much Oliver's arguments as her own conduct.

One day she came to him on the cliff when he was by himself, and said, "Jack, I am sorry for you. You have been left in poor circumstances. But the case is not so bad as you suppose. The captain was good to me. When every other door was shut against my child and me, then he took us in, warmed and fed and lodged us. I was then desperately poor and wholly friendless. Now I am better off and not quite alone. I will do what I can to assist you, and I will gladly give you a hundred pounds."

"A hundred pounds!" echoed Jack, taken aback. Then, after a moment's consideration, he said, with constraint in his manner, "I thank you for the offer, whether in way of gift or loan, but I

will not be holden to any one but myself. I shall fight my own way. I thank you, but decline, positively."

He turned, and walked away musing on this offer. To Dench he spoke of it. The ferryman blazed at once like powder on which a spark has fallen.

"That settles it," said he. "She would not have offered the money unless uneasy in mind. Mark you—if she be so ready to give you a hundred pounds she keeps back three times as much for herself and that kid of hers. That makes four hundred, and next she will be offering me another hundred to bottle up my thoughts and not let them fizz out at my mouth. Is it reasonable that Winefred's father should put down a solid lump sum?—put so much money into the hands of an ignorant, half-crazed woman, who has heretofore never had a piece of gold wherewith to bless herself? Not likely, is it? Consider what the father would do in such a case as she pretends—that he has repented of his wrong and is making amends. I do not say he has. I do not believe in her story at all. But let us suppose that he did come here, see Jane Marley and Winefred, and promised to do his best for them. He would undertake to furnish them with a little money paid quarterly, but would not give three, or four or five hundred pounds to her to play ducks and drakes with. That is not likely. Moreover, he is not worth so much as that."

"You know Winefred's father?"

"I know something about him. He has been Governor of a place called Terra del Fulgo, and I do not suppose his pay has been so good as that he can put his hand in his pocket and say—there are a few hundreds, take, and I will give more when you have thrown these away."

"But he gave the girl a gold watch."

"How do you know that? The woman Marley says so. That watch may form part of the plunder of which you have been robbed."

"Then, again," said Oliver, "What inducement had the woman to offer you such a sum?"

"Because my father was kind to her and took her in."

"Pshaw! He did that. Because he offered her his situation to be maid of all work, to cook his meals, clean the house, make the fire; in return for which she was to be taken in, together with the girl, and to receive half a-crown a week, is that it? That is no grounds for such a fit of generosity coming upon her. No, no—she has stolen the captain's money, and would save over her conscience that tortures and stings with one hundred pounds given to you. I see it clear as daylight."

"It looks bad," said Jack in a tone of discouragement. "But, Oliver, not a word about this to anyone else."

"You should have closed with the offer. Half a loaf is better than no bread."

"I could not do it," answered Jack, and so the matter dropped.

The feeling that pervaded the neighbourhood made itself very evident to Jane Marley and to Winefred. The mother was indifferent, but it provoked the liveliest resentment in the girl. Winefred was fired with indignation that her mother should be thought capable of dishonesty, and she winced and chafed at the gibes cast at her, or at the insinuations she could not openly resent.

The neighbourhood had conspired to hold aloof from them. No one save good Mrs. Jose would speak to either, except on matters necessitating exchange of words. When mother or daughter came into Axmouth or Seaton heads were turned aside, or they were stared at insolently and remarks made behind their backs, perfectly audible and never complimentary.

Jane held up her head the highest, became harsher in manner and more peremptory—even with her child.

Winefred complained to her of the slights to which she was subjected.

"When we were poor," said Mrs. Marley, with darkened brow, "then we were cast out. Now we are rich we are hated. As they cannot take our money from us, they slander us. We can rub along very comfortably without them. I would leave the place had I not bought the house. I would not have bought it had I thought it would come to this. You shall have richer dresses than any other girl in Axmouth, and go to church to let them see it."

This was not the way to allay suspicion and disarm hostility. Winefred felt it, and shrank from the display her mother forced her to make.

She was eminently unhappy; she had not been so continuously wretched before. The imputations cast on her mother angered her. It was an ever open sore; she was sensitive, hearkening for a word, observant for a look or gesture that referred disrespectfully to her mother.

Winefred had never made friends. Her mother had sufficed. To her she had clung, to her looked up, in her believed. To hear this mother spoken of as a vulgar thief, a woman taken compassionately into a house, and using her opportunity to rob the man who had shown her mercy—this was intolerable to the high-principled, keenly sensitive child.

Knowing that to speak on the matter to her mother only served to make the latter more irritable, Winefred at last shut up her trouble in her breast; but it haunted her by night, it accompanied and overshadowed her by day, and this served to embitter her against the little world that surrounded her. The sole person in whom she could confide was Mrs. Jose, and on her sympathetic bosom she shed floods of tears, whilst the good woman patted and soothed her.

But although Mrs. Jose might comfort her she could not drive back the growing sense of resentment wherewith Winefred encountered every one else. Not only was the girl wounded by finding her mother charged with dishonesty, but a new self-esteem had been quickened in her, born of the insistence of her mother that she was a gentleman's daughter, and was destined to be a lady, and to occupy a position high above the heads of those who now depreciated her.

A lonely child is liable to become proud, and a wronged child waxes resentful. Hitherto Winefred had been sharp with her tongue, with a good-humoured tartness, but now the cutting words she uttered shot from an angry heart. She must fight her mother's battles, and defend her mother's character with what weapons she possessed.

The cottage that had been owned by Captain Job, and was now the property of Mrs. Marley, stood, as has already been said, on a sort of terrace a few feet below the level of the down. This terrace had been formed at some unknown period by a sinkage. It

was not extensive; it comprised an abrupt dip and a congeries of isolated humps and prongs of chalk, lost in dense thickets of ivy, thorn and briar, above all of elder. In spring the depression showed like a sea of white blossom, and in autumn it was purple with the berries.

So sheltered was the spot from every wind, save that wafted from the south over the sea, that flowers grew thereon throughout the winter even, and the sap began to return in the hollow elder sticks in January.

Jack Rattenbury came there one day, a warm winter's day, impelled by recollections of his childhood, for among these rocks and brakes he had been wont to play.

He was in low spirits, as he was out of employ. His future was uncertain. He had been given no definite direction for his energies. Into the smuggling trade he would not enter, and he was half inclined to offer for the British Navy; but a common sailor's life at that date was not attractive, and the European war being over, many of the crews of our men-of-war had been discharged. Moreover, he was, by inclination, disposed to take some situation in which his education would be of service to him.

He had picked a bit of elder and was chewing it, as he sauntered into a little dell in the midst of the thicket, where the turf was broad, and which had been to him in the old days a garden of wild strawberries.

Hearing a movement, he turned his head, and next moment Winefred burst through the bushes and was upon him.

She was better dressed than he had been accustomed to see her in the past. She wore a winter bonnet trimmed with turquoise-blue ribbon, and a navy blue gown.

She was a handsome girl, with full dark eyes, arched brows, a straight, well-moulded nose, the face somewhat long, mouth and chin firm, and expressive of resolution, the forehead wide and rounded, and her hair dark.

Her cheeks were glowing; they deepened in colour when she saw him.

"Why are you hiding here?" she asked. "Have you come to spy on us?"

"I am not hiding. If you are suspicious, I take it you have something you are afraid may be seen."

"I saw you stalking on the down."

"Oh! then you have tracked me!"

"I—come after you?" exclaimed Winefred contemptuously.

"Well if I have, it is to warn off trespassers."

"I am not trespassing. This was my father's land once, and my playground."

"It is yours no longer."

"You are right, no—I believe this is no-man's land, and that which my father owned and your mother bought does not include this thicket. If it be hers now she must have laid out some more of that mysteriously got money to purchase it from some other proprietor."

"Mysteriously got money," said Winefred angrily. "Speak openly or say nothing."

"I have my thoughts."

"Yes," said the girl; "you, bred in dishonesty, a sneaking, night-prowling smuggler, who would have been kicking his heels in prison at this present hour but for me, one such as you thinks that none can have money which has not been crookedly hooked in."

"Have done, Winefred, I owe you something."

"We are quits. You helped me out of the cave, but I could have scratched my way forth without your aid, and I warned you and helped you to slip out of the net spread to take you. You owe me nothing, and I owe you nothing. The account is settled between us. I do not desire to be indebted to a smuggler. You, like all the rest, wonder that your father left nothing when he died. But ill-gotten gold makes itself wings."

"In that case all my father's gold will come swarming out of your mother's pocket, like ants on an August day when they get their wings and desert their heap."

"You are a coward to insult a defenceless woman," said Winefred passionately. Her face paled with anger, and she turned sharply and ran away.

Jack swung himself after her, caught her by the arm and flung her back into an elder bush.

"You little fool," he said, "you were dashing right over the brink. You see, whether you will or no, you must owe something to me."

It was a fact. He had rescued her from plunging over the precipice concealed only by some bushes. She looked, saw that what he said was the truth, and without thanking him went sullenly away.

But Jack, as he sauntered from the spot, was dissatisfied with himself.

"I have been too sharp with her," he said. "If there be a fault it lies with her mother, not with Winnie. I did wrong. With a girl one should not attempt a passage of arms."

CHAPTER XXIV.

REVERSED POSITIONS

A FIT of depression came over Jack. Happily in youth such fits are not of long duration.

The excitement of the funeral and sale was over, and a sense of solitariness weighed on the lad. He had no relatives. There were connections at Beer, but these were all more or less closely implicated in the contraband trade upon which Beer flourished, though ostensibly it occupied itself with fishing.

Jack considered it expedient that he should keep clear of them, and it was for this reason especially that he had accepted Oliver Dench's offer to lodge and board him.

But he did not like the ferryman. There were in him a rancour and a low cunning that revolted him, and Jack resolved not to take the man into his confidence, nor ask his opinion on any matter of consequence.

He had no occupation and very little money. His idleness was involuntary. He could nowhere find a situation that was suitable. He was young, inexperienced, and with a very limited range of acquaintance. Beer was a hamlet, Seaton and Axmouth small villages. Of towns he knew nothing, with town dwellers had no

connections. His education had disqualified him for any job such as was available near at hand, and far afield he had no one to point the way to a situation. Inexperienced as he was, he was lost. He was impatient to earn his livelihood, but powerless to find a place in which he could earn it.

The sole offer he had made to him was one he could not accept. This was from the chief officer of the Preventive Service. He could not take this lest it should arouse alarm and resentment in the men of Beer, who would suspect him of entering the Service to betray what he already knew of their secrets.

His impatience to do something, and his inability to do anything to do, became so distressing that he lost his cheerfulness, became moody and silent. He had been to Lyme, where he had endeavoured to obtain a place in a lawyer's office, but the vacancy was filled. He tried a bank, no clerk was needed. He visited Colyton, he went to Axminster, to Honiton, but found no vacancy anywhere. Business was stagnant, trade depressed; clerks whose standing were receiving their discharge, no young hands were being taken on.

Meantime his small supply of money was ebbing away, his other week his purse would be wholly drained. If he could not find the employment that was suited to him he must look out for some to which he must suit himself.

The condition of inaction became intolerable, and his discontent acute. Better anything than nothing, he said to himself, and he resolved to take any work that he could get.

When he had formed this resolution, he went to the nearest farmhouse, that of Mr. Moses Nethersole, and knocked at the door.

"Come in!"

He entered, and said to Mrs. Nethersole, who alone was there, "I beg your pardon, I would speak with the master."

"Take a seat, Jack. You may speak out to me. Moses and I are one."

He was a good-looking lad, and whatever were their ages, the women looked on him with a favourable eye.

"Thank you kindly," said Jack, "But it is something particular between him and me. I will go out and find him and speak with him, without disturbing him."

"Oh, he is busy, as usual, doing nothing. He is in the shippon. When you have seen him come back and have a glass of cider."

Jack left the house, and before long he found the farmer who was looking at a cow that had inflammation.

"You want me? About what?"

"Just this, Mr. Nethersole. I am weary to death of doing nothing. I want work. Will you give me employ? I was not brought up

To plough and sow, to reap and mow,
And be a farmer's boy—

but I will do my best."

"Can you thatch?"

"I have not learned."

"Then you cannot do it. Thatching a rick is not an acquirement that comes by the light of nature. What do you say about hedging? A good hedger is worth a great deal. Dickon Gray—the hedges he built up, though he did some when he was a boy like you—are as good now as they were seventy years ago. Tate Wetherell was set to hedge after Dickon's death, last fall, and they are down already that he set up. You must know the sort of stones to use, and which end to drive in, how to wedge them tight, and how to fill in behind. It is an art."

"I will endeavour to learn."

"Thank you kindly, try on someone else's hedges, if you please. How about ditching?"

"Anyone can dig."

"I beg your pardon. Anyone cannot so as to lay a drain. There are drains and drains. I have known many a hundred pounds thrown away as completely as if chucked into the sea, by setting men to drain as did not know the trade. It is a sad misfortune, young man, that all the time and money that were spent on your education in what is of no profit to man or beast, were not employed in setting you to learn from an old farm labourer what is useful. You cannot mow—you would cut your leg off with the scythe. You cannot plough a straight furrow. You would cut at once. You cannot shear a sheep—you would cut off the ewe and kill the poor beast. You could not milk a cow that would spoil its udder. No scholars for me, thank you. Look at this cow—it has inflammation and will die. There goes twenty-five pounds, all through the ignorance of Richard Piper."

Discouraged and sad at heart, Jack walked away, and for a while called for his glass of cider at the farm.

When Moses Nethersole came in, his wife said to him, "What did Jack Rattenbury want with you?"

The farmer informed her.

"And you have not engaged him?"

"Of course not."

"He was a born fool," said the woman. "Had he applied to me and not to you—I'd have took him on, sure as I'm alive. He's a fine, upstanding, good-looking lad. We could well do with him as he is."

Crestfallen, Jack made his way into Seaton. He knew that the farmer was right. His hands were not horny for labour, although he was willing to learn, he might spoil a great deal in process of learning.

He directed his course to the Red Lion, and went into the room where Mrs. Warne was sitting alone, looking into the fire, and dreaming of commercials.

At a sign from the hostess he seated himself near her.

"Shall I draw you a half-pint?" she asked.

"Thank you, yes," said he, "but I have not come here for little beer. I have bitters enough without adding to them. The fact is my few shillings are nearly run out."

"Into Dench's purse?"

Jack did not answer this. Turning his hat about nervously, he said, "I want you to find me some occupation, Mrs. Warne. You are a dear good creature, as everyone knows."

The landlady looked at him with a friendly eye, and pursed up her lips. She had been knitting a stocking—a large one—possibly for her own leg, possibly as a Christmas present to a traveller high



LATE MR. W. MCLACHLAN MONEY
District Commissioner at Cape Coast Castle



PRIVATE RICKWOOD, 2ND WILTS
Awarded the Royal Humane Society's Medal



PRIVATE ASHFIELD, 2ND WILTS



THE LATE MR. CORNELIUS VANDERBILT
The Head of the Vanderbilt Family

good graces. She scratched her nose with the knitting-needle, and her face brightened.

"There is a postboy short," she said, "at Cullompton. The man there, at the Castle Inn, Jack Spratt is his name, has a fall and a curious sort of a fall too. He was thrown forward from his horse and fell on his toes, and with the jerk his toes twisted up on end, like the markers for a game of whist. They had to cut the toes off him, and they can't get the toes down again. I never heard of the like before. You are accustomed to losses, I suppose?"

"No, but I can learn."

"And how about your riding?" Mrs. Warne poked at him in the cheek with her knitting-pin, and narrowly escaped putting out his eye.

"I dare say I could do that."

"Ah! but there is a style about a postilion. To see him from the windows of a calash rise and fall is a picture. You will have to wear a white beaver hat, and a tight yellow jacket, and lily white don't-mention-ems. You'll do that?"

Jack remained silent. He had to swallow his pride.

Then Mrs. Warne's face clouded. "No," said she, "it will not do. They will want at the Castle a boy about Jack Spratt's build to get into his suit, and you are twice too stout; you'd explode the garments like the old cannon as they fired when Queen Caroline was let off. But I have another idea." Again she thrust at him with her knitting pin. "You are a scholar. At Cullompton there has been a split among the Methodists, and they have set up a new connection. My sister, who is a groceress in a large way, has taken twenty shares in the new chapel. So far there have been no dividends. They have a tidy chapel, well warmed and lighted, but have not secured a satisfactory preacher. They have tried several, but they do not draw. One had a club foot. Another took snuff, and that the stricter people said savoured of the world. A third was husky in his voice and had no delivery. So they decided that none of these preached the unmixed Gospel, and the shareholders are in a pretty stew about their dividends. What do you say now to trying your powers there? I will recommend you to my sister, she carries weight, and will put you in—and draw you must and will."

Then a tender light came into Mrs. Warne's eyes. "Lord, Jack! for certain you will draw. You are young, good-looking, and unmarried, and if you are of an amorous disposition—"

"I will never do," sighed he, as the vision of the groceress in a large way who carried weight rose before his mind's eye.

"No," said Mrs. Warne; "but if you can't be of the fondling description, you can be denunciatory—but that requires beetle eyes and pebbly eyes. Well, you know best. I can tell you of something else. You go across the way, up street to Thomas's. He was in here the other night having a pipe and glass, and was saying how he missed Winefred, and how he might have enjoyed her to push his wares in the season—and now she is a good lady. There is no saying; he may take you on as a commercial and oh! to be a commercial!" Mrs. Warne held up her hands in ecstasy. "Commercials is heavenly!"

Jack went forth, leaving his half-pint half drunk on the counter of the shop of the lapidary.

The establishment was small and shabby, but shabbier was the little man with spectacles on his nose and unshaven chin, no collar but a soiled neckcloth, who sat at a table engaged on setting a cut pebble.

For some time he did not look up. He continued upon what he was doing; but he had seen the boots and lower portion of the trousers of Jack as he entered, and knew that they did not belong to a purchaser. Consequently he did not hurry nor desist.

"Well?" he asked at length.

"Mr. Gasset," said Jack, "I have come to ask if you require someone to act as your agent with your cut stones, seals, and brooches, and get them disposed of for you?"

"Jane Marley was here proposing the same thing for herself. But I was to take both in. Two women would have eaten all the profits. You are a growing lad, voracious in appetite. I could not afford it."

"But I would go about."

"Consider the expense and the uncertainty. I am too old to run risks. The profits are very small. No; I must go on in the old way."

He nodded to Jack to leave.

As Jack left the shop Mrs. Gasset entered. "What has young Rattenbury been here for?" she asked.

Gasset slowly informed her, still working at the pebble.

"And you refused him! You are an old idiot. He would have been the making of us, he is so good-looking."

(To be continued)

Our Portraits

By the death of Mr. Walter McLachlan Money from fever at Cape Coast Castle a promising public servant has been lost. He was District Commissioner in the Gold Coast Colony, and had been specially complimented by the late Sir William Maxwell, Governor of the Colony, on his tact and vigour in managing his district. Mr. Money, who was the eldest son of Mr. Walter Money, F.S.A., of Newbury, was only in his thirty-fourth year. He was educated at Bradfield College, and while there in 1885 made the highest score for this school for the Ashburton Shield at Bisley, and shot for the Spencer Cup. From Bradfield he proceeded to New College, Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1889, and M.A. and B.C.L. in 1892. In 1891 he was called to the Bar at the Inner Temple. Four years later he left England to take up his duties as District Commissioner on the Gold Coast, of which Colony he was acting Attorney-General for some eight months in 1897. Our portrait is by Barraud, Oxford Street.

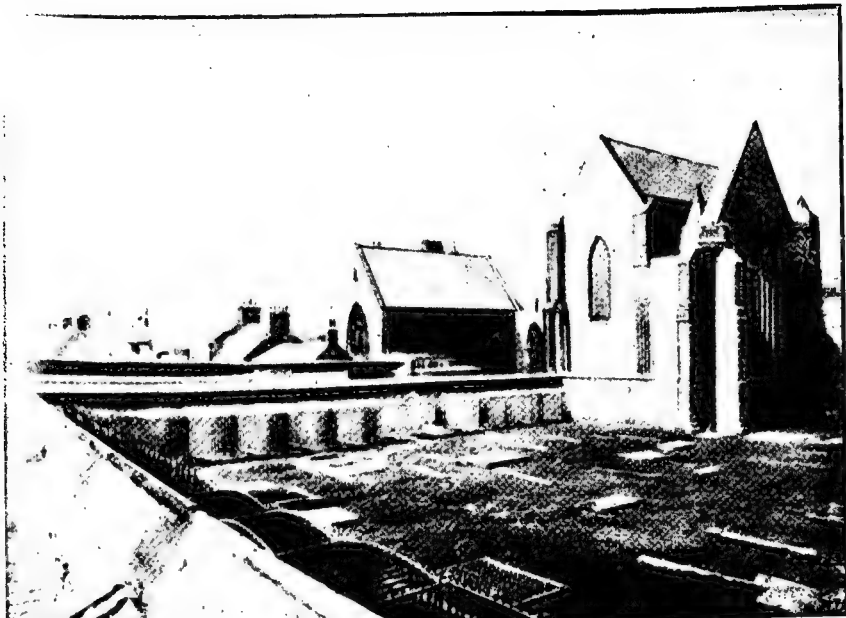
Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, who died suddenly, on Tuesday, at New York, from the effects of a paralytic stroke, was the head of the Vanderbilt family. He reached his home on Monday night apparently in good health, but was suddenly taken ill after retiring to rest. He grew rapidly worse, and died early in the morning. Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, who was born in 1843, was the son of

Mr. William Henry Vanderbilt, and the grandson of the famous founder of the family's fortune, Cornelius Vanderbilt. This first Cornelius Vanderbilt, the "Commodore," as he was called, was born in 1794, of humble Dutch parentage, and, starting life as a waterman, he step by step acquired a fortune—made chiefly in steamboat lines and railways. When he died he left 100,000,000 dollars. His son, W. H. Vanderbilt, increased the enormous wealth left to him, nearly doubling it, and was in his time the richest man in the world. He had eight children, of whom the eldest was the late Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, who was not so prominent in the financial world as his brother, Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt, the father of the Duchess of Marlborough.

Private Ashfield and Private Rickwood, of the 2nd Battalion Wiltshire Regiment, at present stationed at Guernsey, have lately been decorated with the Royal Humane Society's medal for a gallant attempt to save a comrade from drowning in June last. At about 11 a.m. on that day Drummer Heatherby, 2nd Wiltshire Regiment, whilst bathing, attempted to swim to a beacon about 1,000 yards from the shore. After swimming for about 800 yards he got into a current, and, being unable to make progress, became exhausted. Rickwood and Ashfield went to his rescue, and although exhausted by their long swim, they made a most determined effort to save him. But their gallant attempt was in vain, and the drummer was drowned. Ashfield and Rickwood were by that time exhausted, and had not a boat arrived opportunely they would without doubt have suffered a similar fate. The Royal Humane Society awarded the Bronze Medal to each of them, and these were presented to them by Major-General Saward, Lieutenant-Governor of Guernsey, before the regiment.

Paisley Abbey

Of the early Stewarts that lie buried in the choir of the Abbey of Paisley are the founder of the family, Walter, the first High Steward of Scotland; his successors up to the date of their accession to the throne; Marjory Bruce, daughter of Robert the Bruce, through whom they came to the throne; the two wives of King Robert II.; and King Robert III. himself. The choir in which they lie is a ruin, disfigured and in large measure hidden by mean surroundings, and till 1888 there had for long been neither line nor stone to mark their resting-place. In 1888 the latter reproach was wiped away by the erection of a monument of Sicilian marble bearing a suitable inscription. The nave of the abbey is almost perfect, and is still used as a church. An effort is now being made to restore the ancient abbey, and to make the choir a memorial chapel which, in monument, brass, stained glass, or otherwise, shall tell the story of Scotland as written in the deeds of the Stewarts and others. The estimated cost amounts to 35,000l., towards which the congregation of the abbey will contribute 10,000l. The Queen has given the scheme her patronage and has taken much interest in it.



THE CHOIR AND TRANSEPTS AS THEY ARE AT PRESENT



THE BUILDING AS IT WILL BE WHEN RESTORED

THE PROPOSED RESTORATION OF PAISLEY ABBEY



"AFTER A HUNDRED YEARS"

DRAWN BY BALLIOL SALMON



The Papal Casino is an ancient building standing in the middle of a wood adjoining the gardens of the Vatican. This building contains a tower celebrated in connection with the name of Benvenuto Cellini, which contains on a small scale all the rooms required for official receptions.

Leo XIII. did not care for the old castle and had an addition built, where he spends his days during the summer heat. In the sketch he is shown as he is leaving the Vatican by a door communicating directly with his private apartments, the escort of guards and Hussolantes kneeling while he makes his way to the old-fashioned carriage which is to carry him to his summer resort

LIFE IN THE VATICAN: THE POPE PROCEEDING TO HIS SUMMER RESIDENCE

DRAWN FROM LIFE BY H. LANOS

In the Name of the French People THE CLOSING SCENES AT RENNES

As the trial of Captain Dreyfus drew near its close, the hopes of those who expected an absolute acquittal grew higher—hopes destined soon to be cruelly dashed. M. Trarieux, a Senator and an honest, fearless man, had spoken straight, clear words on behalf of justice and pacification; Roget, Zurlinden, and Billot had been met step by step by Maître Labori in all they had to say; the prospects looked fair for Dreyfus. Labori, it is true, had not succeeded in securing the presence of Schwarzkoppen and Panizzardi, the German and Italian Attachés, at Rennes, and the President of the Court refused to grant the application for a Commission to be sent to obtain their testimony; but it was felt by all who took an unbiassed view of the trial that the mass of testimony which had been brought before the Court was amply sufficient to set Dreyfus free even without the evidence of the Attachés. On the 8th instant, the last day but one of the trial, Commandant Carrière rose to make his speech for the prosecution. He went over the case, adducing, in his grotesque manner (which continually excited the laughter of the audience), the old arguments against Dreyfus; believed the *bordereau* to be written by him; thought the edifice raised by Picquart was a crumbling one; and, finally, declared, "on his soul

ask you if it is not that of a loyal and true soldier. I ask you if the man, who has only lived for his children, that they may bear an honoured name, this man, here, who has the cult of honour in his family, I ask you if you can believe him to be a villain and a traitor to his mother country? No! I have no need to proclaim his innocence. I say that your verdict will not be a verdict of guilty, for you have been enlightened. The judges of 1894 had not been so enlightened. They had not before them Esterhazy's writing, but you have it—that is the conducting wire. God has permitted you, gentlemen, to have it. My task is now accomplished; it is for you to do yours. I pray God," exclaimed counsel, lifting his arms towards Heaven, "I pray God that you will restore to our France the concord of which she has so much need."

There was a burst of applause as Maître Demange sat down, and the President, turning to Maître Labori, asked if he wished to speak. Labori waived the right, and the Court adjourned till the afternoon. Dreyfus shook hands with Demange, and when he left the Court there were cries of "Courage, Dreyfus!"

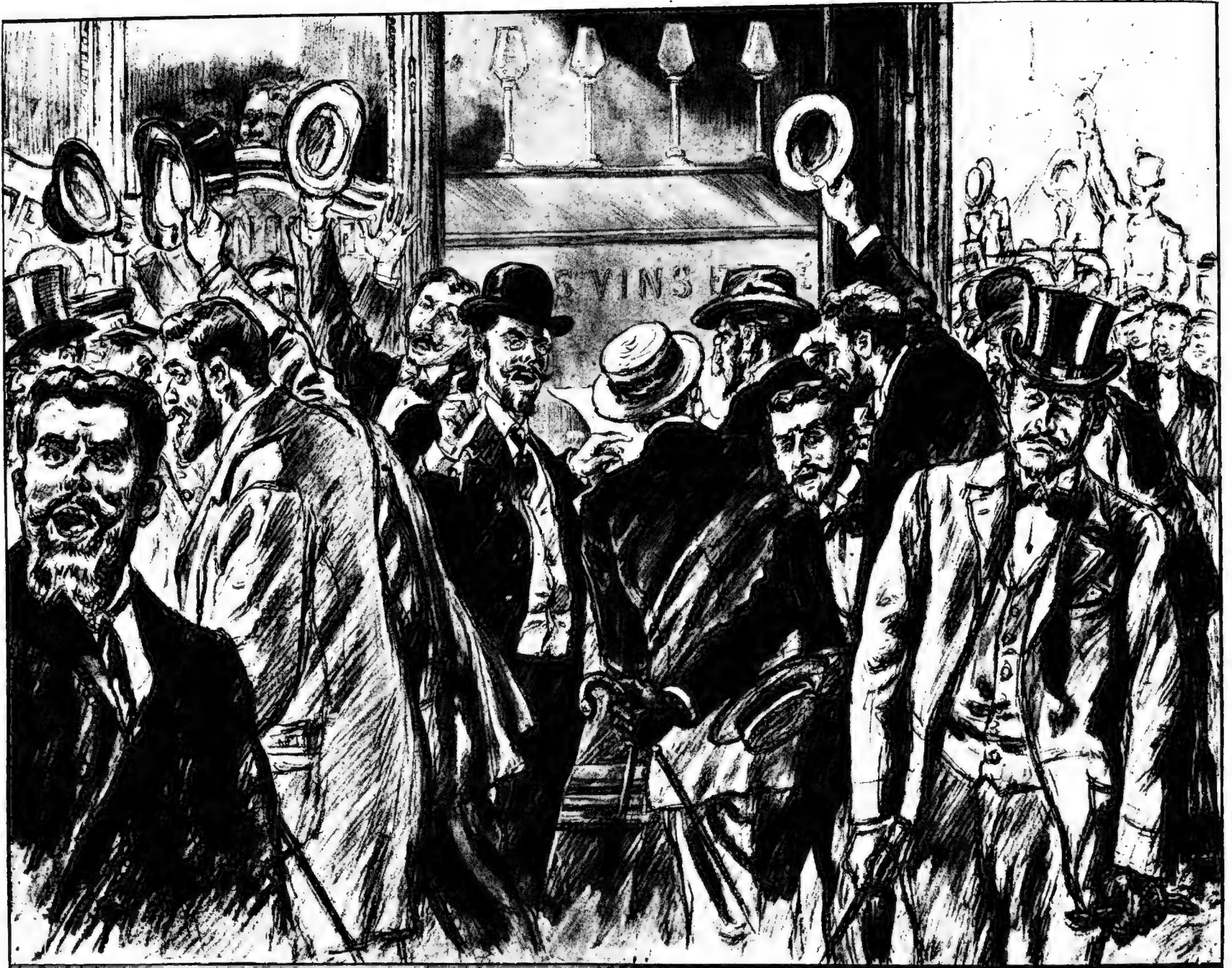
At the resumption of the trial Commandant Carrière again rose to reply to Maître Demange, in refutation of whose address he said he had something to observe to the judges. "The proof is everywhere," he cried. "The hour for supreme resolutions has struck for you. France is anxiously awaiting your judgment. I await it

read out the judgment, and "in the name of the French People" announced that the Court, by five votes to two, found the prisoner guilty, with extenuating circumstances, and sentenced him to ten years' imprisonment.

The judgment was read to the prisoner by the Clerk of the Court before the guard drawn up in the anteroom, in which he had spent the interval between the sittings.

So terminated the second court-martial, and the door of the prison closed once more upon Dreyfus. He signed the notice of appeal, and thus opened another chapter of the story of his martyrdom.

Hardly had the terrible news had time to sink into men's minds when once more there rang out the trumpet blast of Dreyfus's defender, Emile Zola. An article from him, headed "The Right Act," appeared in the *Aurore* (the paper to which he sent his famous letter "J'Accuse") on Tuesday. In it he described the consternation which the verdict of the court martial has caused him, and says that he regards the judges' decision as a moral scandal. He accuses Dreyfus's chiefs with having crushed him to save themselves from gaol, and appeals to the Government to restore to France that honour she has lost through the judgment at Rennes, which was the most extraordinary outrage on truth and justice. He affirmed that in January, 1898, he knew for a positive fact that Esterhazy was the traitor, having furnished Colonel



"VIVE L'ARMÉE!" CHIERING THE COURT-MARTIAL AT RENNES
THE CONDEMNATION OF CAPTAIN DREYFUS: WHAT PARIS THINKS
DRAWN BY H. LANOS

and conscience," that Dreyfus was guilty and should be sentenced to death under the 76th Article of the Penal Code,

Then followed Maître Demange for Dreyfus in a speech which was closely reasoned and deeply felt. With a voice broken by emotion Maître Demange concluded thus: "When I shall have finished, the last word of the defence will have been said, and you will go into your private room to consider your verdict, and there, what are you going to ask yourselves? If Dreyfus is innocent? No, that is not the point, but is he guilty? . . . When you say to yourselves, 'This writing is not his,' when you say to yourselves, 'There is over there, on the other side of the Channel, a man of whom we have to say, "his he," will there, gentlemen, be no doubt in your minds? That doubt will be sufficient for me. That doubt will mean his acquittal. It will not permit honest and loyal consciences to say that this man is guilty. Very well, gentlemen, I ask of you only one thing, and that is at this moment to cast one more backward glance.

"Remember what the prisoner was on Devil's Island. Remember how for five years this man, despite the most horrible sufferings, notwithstanding the most cruel torture, never was for a single moment alone. A guard with him night and day. Night or day he was never allowed to exchange a syllable with a fellow-creature. I am not speaking of the torture of his being placed in irons—I am speaking of the terrible mental torture to which he was subjected. Well, gentlemen, the spirit which these sufferings and these tortures could not curb, that spirit which remained proud and high, I ask you: Is it that of a traitor? I

with confidence, and I adhere to my conclusions. I demand the application of Article 76 of the Penal Code and Article 267 of the Military Code."

Then Maître Demange rose for the last time and said: "The Government Commissioner, in reminding us of the words of the law, has mentioned what all of us know—namely, that you have only to account for your verdict to your consciences and to God. That is my last word in this case. What I also know is that you are loyal and upright men. As military judges you will never elevate to the importance of evidence the possibilities and suppositions which have been submitted to you. Consequently, my last word is that which I uttered this morning in the presence of all—'I trust in you because you are soldiers.'"

The President then, turning to Dreyfus, asked if he had anything to say. "I have only one thing to say," said Dreyfus; "it is very simple and absolutely certain, I declare, before my country and before the Army, that I am innocent. My sole object is to save the honour of my name, the name my children bear. For five years I have suffered the most frightful tortures, and I am sure that I shall attain my object to-day, thanks to your loyalty and justice."

"Have you finished?" said the President.

"Yes, M. le Président."

The Court withdrew, and the prisoner was removed to be seen no more, for the law forbade his presence when judgment was pronounced.

At twenty minutes to five the judges returned, and after the noise of the salute had died away a dead silence ensued. The President

Schwarzkoppen with a considerable number of documents, many of them in his own handwriting, the complete collection of which is in Berlin.

He urged the Government to obtain communication of the documents handed over by Esterhazy—as these would furnish "the new fact" which would necessitate further revision before the Court of Cassation. Should the Government refuse, M. Zola declares that "the defenders of truth and justice" will certainly succeed in having, on November 23, when his trial will re-commence, the "proof, the invincible truth," and that "my beloved and brave Labori will, therefore, deliver at Versailles the speech which he was unable to deliver at Rennes. And it is simple enough. Nothing will be lost. I shall not keep him silent. He will only have to speak the truth without fear of injuring me, for I am ready to pay for it with my liberty and my blood. Before the Seine Assize Court I swore to Dreyfus's innocence. I swear it before the world, which now proclaims it with me."

The effect of the verdict upon the whole civilised world is commented upon elsewhere. In Paris, as our illustrations show, the result was awaited with the utmost eagerness, and the scene of the boulevards when the news was known was indescribable. The anti-Dreyfus newspapers hung out flags and illuminations, while excited crowds noisily showed their evident satisfaction at the verdict. There was no disturbance, however, and the services of the police and troops, which had been held in readiness, were not needed. Since then Paris, and, indeed, the whole of France, has been eminently quiet and peaceful.

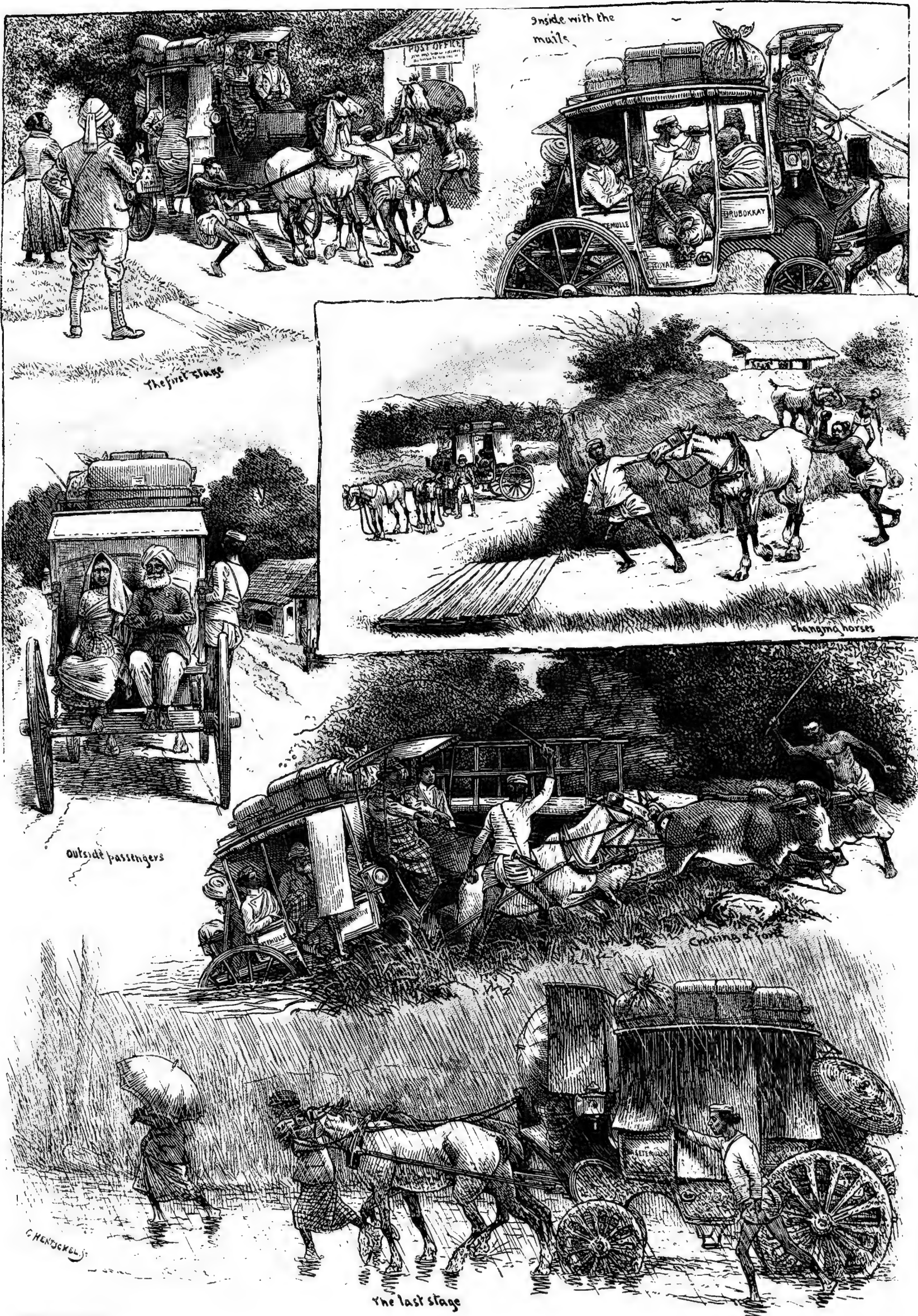


FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST

THE DREYFUS VERDICT: THE RUSH FOR THE EVENING PAPERS ON THE PARIS BOULEVARDS

DRAWN BY W. T. MAUD

The news of the verdict of the Court-martial, which was delivered at Rennes shortly before five o'clock on the evening of the 8th instant, was, of course, quickly transmitted to Paris, and issued in innumerable "extras" by the newspapers. These were eagerly bought up by the crowds at the cafés on the Boulevards. Everywhere were heard the words: "Coupable! Dix ans de détention!"



DRAWN BY W. RALSTON

A correspondent writes:—"The incidents here shown are not all exaggerated. They are of frequent occurrence on remote coach roads in Ceylon. On some roads bullocks are used to supplement the efforts of the sorry nags which serve as coach-horses. In order to appreciate the discomfort of travelling in one of these country coaches, you must understand that they are without springs"

FROM A SKETCH BY J. L. K. VAN DORT

COACHING IN CEYLON: INCIDENTS OF A JOURNEY INTO THE INTERIOR



Rams are, when once moved to fight, the most pertinacious of combatants, and the contest is waged relentlessly. When war has been declared between two of these animals, they step backwards until there is about twenty yards between them, and then they charge headlong at each other like knights in a tournament. At the moment of impact both animals are off the ground, and the force with which they crash together is considerable. The charge is repeated until one or the other is victorious. It often happens that in one of these contests the rams get their horns interlocked, and then they pull and push to get free until they fall down completely exhausted and die if no help be at hand. The shepherd's task of unlocking the horns of the animals thus caught is no easy one.

"THE PEACEMAKER": A HIGHLAND SHEPHERD SEPARATING TWO COMBATANT RAMS

DRAWN BY A. G. SMALL

THROUGH THE NINETEENTH CENTURY—VIII.

PROTECTORS OF THE PUBLIC

By MAJOR-GENERAL SIR EDMUND DU CANE, K.C.B.

MAN is a predatory animal. In the early days of the human race man, no doubt, took and appropriated to his own use anything he saw and had a fancy for, and the same taste survives in the street arab of to-day. There could be no particular objection to this until two men took a fancy to the same thing; then a new element was introduced. It cannot be doubted that they fought for possession, for man is also of a combative nature, a quality which he shares with the beasts and—which survives also in the street arab.

Such events must constantly have occurred in those times, and go a long way to account for the recorded fact that very soon "the whole earth was filled with violence." There is no account of the first appearance in the world of the idea of laws of property, but it may be imagined that after a sufficient experience of the inconvenience of continually fighting, that principle might have been evolved and established by mutual agreement. The motive for this would be the greater when men came to practice some art, however primitive. A flint axe or knife, fashioned by an ingenious worker, would, of course, be coveted by the unskilled man who could not make one for himself, and this must have impressed on the community the advantage of mutually guaranteeing to each member of it quiet possession of the fruits of his own labour. There must, therefore, very early in the history of mankind have been need for some means of executing the duties now performed by the policeman.

In Egypt, we are told, in the Dawn of Civilisation, that the same high functionaries who commanded the armies, offered sacrifices, assessed and received taxes, investigated disputes and settled differences, employed for police purposes foreigners and negroes, or Bedouins belonging to Nubian tribes. In Roman times it would seem that soldiers performed what we should consider civil or police duties. In more modern times the French Kings in the fourteenth century were the first to institute police, and they became agents of horrible oppression. It is a peculiarity of our police system that the executive and judicial functions are entirely separate, whereas in France and other continental countries the duties are combined, as also they are in India, where the police authorities act also judicially and try prisoners.

Our policemen may be said to have descended from and to represent the parish constables of former times. By the old English law the whole hundred or tithing were responsible for the preservation of the peace, their responsibility being represented by the headman, though the law recognised only the joint responsibility of the members. In time the place of the headman was taken by the constable of the village or parish. By the Statute of Winchester, 1285, it was ordained that two constables should be chosen in each hundred or franchise, to make view of the armour of the community, and see to the preservation of the peace. Petty constables exercised the same functions in a village or township.

Unless specially exempted, every able-bodied male, between twenty-five and fifty-five, resident in the parish and rated to the poor, or tenant to the value of 4*l.* per annum, had to be included in the list of persons liable to fill the office. In large towns the members of the various wards maintained order and kept watch, and these were gradually replaced by special watchmen, often very ill-paid and very inefficient.

In cases of disturbance or riot, or to assist in enforcing process, the Sheriff could call out the *posse comitatus*, and Justices of the Peace could call on him to supply necessary assistance. The *posse comitatus* embraced the whole force of the county, and consisted of the Knights and all able-bodied men above fifteen years old. The Sheriff was himself originally elected, and had to be approved by the King; but in the reign of Edward II., the Chancellor, the Treasurer, and the Judges were empowered to make the necessary selection for the Sovereign's approval. The Sheriff was an officer of very high rank, being next to the Earl, or Earloman, the Bishop, and he had unlimited jurisdiction to keep the peace; he presided in the Courts, and punished all crimes, and redressed all civil wrongs. The judicial powers were ultimately committed to other authorities.

The early recollections of any person well past middle age go back to a period when the police were "new" in London, and before any police force existed in country districts—when law and order were maintained much as they had been for many generations, excepting that instead of the *posse comitatus*, the King's troops were called out to suppress riots in military fashion. This is what happened when the Gordon riots occurred only 119 years ago, as there was then no police force to nip the mischief in the bud, or to control it when it gathered head.

The mob had possession of London for six days, they broke open the gaols, fired London in many places, and did damage to the amount of 180,000*l.* Three hundred of the rioters were killed or died of their wounds. It was possible, finally, to suppress it only by military force, and it is one of the good deeds for which the memory of George III. should be held in honour, that he had the nerve to authorise the military to act at a time when some of those in authority lost their heads and shrank from the responsibility. As a contrast, which illustrates the advantage we enjoy in having an organised police force, we may remember the deliberately planned turbulence which existed in the metropolis in 1886-7, which might have led to equally dire consequences, or worse, had it not been kept in check and entirely put down by the Metropolitan Police without any loss of life. On one occasion only was it necessary to show a squadron of Life Guards, who moved in stately, ordered procession up Whitehall and round Trafalgar Square at a moment when the pressure and violence of the mob seemed likely to be greater than the force of police and special constables could withstand.

For a stationary population in the country when everybody was known and the numbers not very large, the old system of local constables might do well enough, but it did not meet the conditions of a growing and shifting community. The highways and roads had no protection in those days, and, as everybody knows, "the gentlemen of the road" flourished. Travellers by coach or carriage laid their account with having to fight for it in crossing any lonely spot, such as Hounslow or Putney Heath, and carried pistols and blunderbusses as a matter of course. At the suggestion of Sir John Fielding, the Bow Street magistrate, a horse patrol was established about the middle of the last century to check this inconvenience, and did its business very effectively. It was, however, discontinued, and was not permanently established until 1805. The men were mostly old cavalry soldiers, and they were well mounted and armed with swords and pistols. They wore blue coats and trousers and red waistcoats with brass buttons. This measure did a good deal to ensure security, but did not for some time finally put an end to the profession of highwaymen.

Jerry Abershaw, who practised on the

Portsmouth Road, particularly about Putney Heath, and was well known at "The Bald-faced Stag," figured on a gibbet on top of Putney hill where Putney Heath drops down into Kingston Vale, within the memory of persons now, or recently, living.

About the same time as the horse patrol, a small detective force of eight men, who acquired the name of the Bow Street Runners, was introduced. They wore scarlet waistcoats, and carried as an emblem of authority a small staff surmounted by a crown. The Thames Police were established in 1798 as a check upon the outrageous robberies of ships lying in the river, and the systematic plundering in the dockyards. They now patrol the Thames in boats and steam launches.

The success of the horse patrol suggested the formation of a body of foot police for the metropolis, to be on duty day and night, and to replace the old watchmen ("Charlies" as they were called), who, furnished with a rattle, lantern and staff, wrapped in a heavy coat and with a handkerchief round their heads, perambulated the streets at night calling the hours, except when they were ensconced in their boxes. These officials were perfect models of inefficiency; butts of the roysterers, whose amusements included beating the watch or upsetting them in their boxes. The watchmen were even charged with aiding crime instead of repressing it. Parliamentary Committees had, since 1770, reported the need for improved means for preventing and detecting crime, but it was not till 1829 that an effective measure was passed for the formation of a body of police for the metropolis. The local jurisdictions of the metropolis were abolished. They were so complicated that one parish had eighteen different boards to manage the watch, all acting without concert. Some suburban parishes had no watch. A district of about fifteen miles radius is now policed by one force, which acts under the Home Secretary. It was several years later that the counties and boroughs availed themselves of the power given in the same Act to establish a police force under the magistrates in lieu of the local constables. In the country the police are still under the local authorities represented by a Standing Joint Committee appointed in part by the County Council and in part by the magistrates in Quarter Sessions. Numerous petty local authorities even to the present day insist on maintaining a separate police force instead of amalgamating with the counties in which they stand.

It is to Sir Robert Peel that we are indebted for the new police system of 1829, an improvement of greater value for the well-being of the community than many other more stirring political measures. It was not, however, carried without much opposition from certain steady old Tories of the type satirised by the French wit, as having at the creation of the world protested against the destruction of a very attractive chaos. One of the objections was that to put such a force at the orders of the Secretary of State constituted a danger



STREET WATCHMAN, 1800



THE POLICEMAN OF 1850



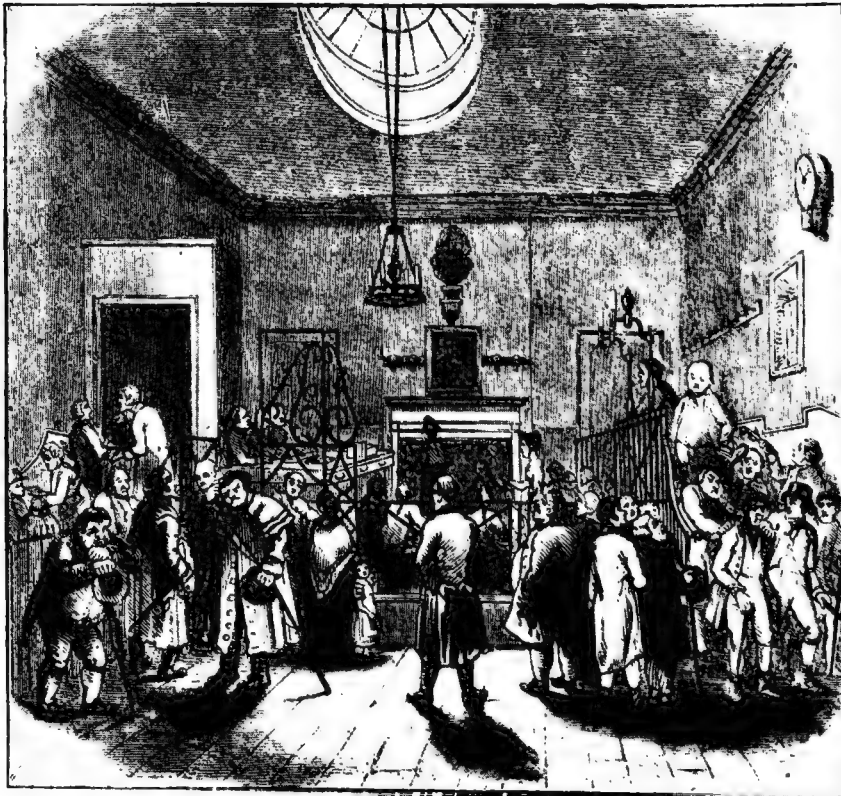
TOWNSEND

The famous Bow Street Runner



THE LAST OF THE CHARLIES

On duty before his box which stood in the Blaken Road until a few years ago



BOW STREET POLICE COURT, 1816

to public life. And to this day we sometimes hear people expressing alarm and apprehension because the police are to a small extent drilled so that they may be able to act in unison when in conflict with a mob. I am, perhaps, fortunate, when this attitude of mind is considered, that the original intention of clothing them in red and gold (the Royal Guard), like the soldiers and the postmen, was not adopted.

The original "peeler" as the new police were called, wore a blue swallow-tail coat with silver buttons, blue trousers, waist-belt, and tall top-boots, waterproof leather on top and at sides. The change to the present example of the Army, after the Crimea, and the helmet was introduced in 1869. The modern policeman and the helmet were introduced on ordinary duty, a loose jacket duly garrisoned with buttons.

The Home Secretary is responsible for the efficiency and discipline of the Metropolitan Police. Under him were, at first, two equal Commissioners, Sir Robert Rowan and Mr. Mayne. On the death of the former he was replaced by two Assistant Commissioners, and a third Assistant Commissioner has recently been added as head of the Detective Department. The Detective Department, which, in 1869, numbered only fifteen men, has gradually been increased till it now numbers 1,500. In 1869 four District Superintendents substituted for the two Assistant Commissioners were appointed, and they are now replaced by Chief Constables. The horse patrols are maintained by mounted constables, who are chiefly employed in the parks, but occasionally in the interior of the metropolis. After the riots of 1886 their numbers were increased, as their duties as messengers and in following and breaking up disorderly mobs were proved, and they now number 250 men.

The main body of the police is now divided into twenty-two divisions, composed of superintendents, chief inspectors, inspectors, sergeants, and constables. The force, which in 1829 numbered about 3,000, has now 15,326 members, the population they have charge of has risen from one and a-half million to six millions, and the area under their charge is 688 square miles, or double what it was originally. They are also employed in the Dockyards. The cost of the Metropolitan Police is defrayed mainly from rates, but with a contribution by the Treasury, and amounts to about 1,200,000*l.* per annum. The City maintains its own police force—a very efficient body.

The London County Council has from time to time made strenuous efforts to get control of the Metropolitan Police, alleging the analogy of other County Councils, which share in the management of the police of counties, by means of a Joint Committee, appointed partly by the County Council and partly by the magistrates in Quarter Sessions. A little reflection, however, will show that the circumstances are essentially different. London is the capital of the Empire, and is as large as many kingdoms, and is the seat of Government—and the experience of history is entirely against any attempt at the protection of the Legislature of the kingdom to any but its own direct control. It is conceivable that in the case of a great popular movement in a large City there might be some basis on which some form of the County Council might sympathise with those who would bring violent pressure on the Government, but they were under the influence of the Council and de-

...goodwill, the Legislature would have but a small influence against mob violence. Thus we might have seen the system which led to most of the baneful French Revolution, when the Legislature was overruled by those who could organise the mob and control the City of Paris.

The counties and boroughs of England and Wales are 1,000, and costs nearly 4,000,000*l.* per annum. The system differs entirely from that of England. The country, owing to historical causes, has made under the Government a single body to police (except Dublin, which has its own metropolitan police) more or less on a military footing. The famous Royal Irish Constabulary, was created in 1823 by a man who had had experience of six years as Chief Constable, through a Commissioner, and number of them. Their cost (1,394,000*l.*) does not fall on the ratepayers of England, but is defrayed entirely by the Government.

There are 4,100 police, managed locally as in the case of the London County Council.

The Court

THE QUEEN has quite a large family party with her either at Balmoral or near by, and the attendance of so many Royalties at the Highland gathering in Waterside Park no doubt contributed to the attendance at this annual meeting of the Braemar Royal Highland Society, which is said to have beaten all previous gatherings as far as the number of spectators went. Accompanied by Princess Henry of Battenberg Her Majesty drove to the East Lodge, where the Balmoral men, under Mr. James Forbes, the Queen's Commissioner, were assembled. The Queen witnessed the arrival of the Duff, Farquharson, and Forbes men, preceded by their pipers, who marched past Her Majesty, giving three cheers for the Queen and Royal Family. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught and their children and the Duke and Duchess of York were also present. Returning to lunch, Her Majesty was joined by the Duke and Duchess of Fife. In the afternoon the Duchess of Fife, the Duke and Duchess of York, and the Royal children were present at the Highland gathering. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Prince Arthur, and the Princesses Margaret and Victoria Patricia of Connaught also attended. The Highlanders were drawn up in a double line, through which the Queen and the Royal party passed to a pavilion, from which Her Majesty witnessed the games.

The Prince of Wales, after a stay of five days with the Empress Frederick at the Schloss Friedrichshof, left Cronberg for Darmstadt. Frederick Charles of Hesse accompanied the Prince on his journey,

The British Association at Dover

A PARTICULAR interest attaches to the meeting of the British Association at Dover this year, because on the other side of the Channel the French Association is meeting at Boulogne, and there is to be a *réunion* between the two scientific bodies, not alone in respect of the interchange of mutual courtesies and visits, but for the practical scientific purpose of arranging for co-operative investigation in marine biology and physiography. The President of the British Association this year is Sir Michael Foster, one of the most distinguished of British physiologists. His presidential address, delivered on Wednesday evening, was in substance a philosophical review of the progress in scientific thought during the last hundred years. It was only in a modified sense a summary of scientific achievement, for the examples in chemistry, in electricity, in geology, and in physiology which he set forth were only chosen as illustrations of his general theme of the progressive character of the change in thought. In the domain of chemistry, for instance, a hundred years ago oxygen was barely a name, the processes of oxidation and combustion were barely understood; they were the possession of only a few, a very few, philosophers. In 1799 the true conception of chemical composition and chemical change was hardly more than beginning to be, and the next great chemical idea, the atomic theory of

John Dalton, was still to be born. In "electricity"—that one word above all others writ large on the life of the present time—scientific men were only just beginning to speak of the experiments of Volta—which hinted at the production of electricity by the simple contact of metals—and it was twenty years later in the present century before Oersted made known his remarkable observations on the relations of electricity to magnetism. Oersted's discovery made the contact needed for the flow of a new current of ideas; and it is not too much to say that these ideas, developing with ever increasing swiftness, have wholly changed man's material relations to the circumstances of life. Geology, too, is another child of this century, and in 1799 was a science fast struggling into birth with James Hutton, and Cuvier and William Smith—who published a tabular list of strata and fossils in the year 1799 itself—for parents and godparents. Lastly, in Sir Michael Foster's own subject of Physiology, the century had widened and broadened to an immense extent the knowledge of the living body, not only as a machine "raising dust into living matter and letting the living matter fall into dust again," but also as a link in the long chain of lives which tie the unknown past and the living present. The vital changes of the living body were no longer vaguely referred to the "vital principle," but were ever closely and more closely examined and understood. The problems of nerve centres and nerve distribution were, in their modern form, entirely unknown to the philosophers of 1799; and so was the very conception, as it exists now, of the growth of the living being from the germ in the cell to the full estate. All, or nearly all the exact knowledge of the laboured way in which each living creature puts on its proper shape and structure is the heritage of the present century. Taking these illustrations as the basis of his argument, Sir Michael Foster then insisted that the material benefits which have thus been brought to man must not make us overlook the intellectual influences of science. He dwelt on these, touching on the principles which must guide scientific inquiry, and the effect which scientific inquiry has on the mind of him who seeks after knowledge, with a side glance on science as mental training in view of ordinary education. He concluded with observations on the cosmopolitan aspect of science and the benefits of international effort, not only in the interests of individuals and of nations, but in the interest of the race.

The General Secretaries are Professor E. A. Schafer, LL.D., F.R.S., and Sir W. C. Roberts Austen, F.R.S. Dr. Schafer is well known as a teacher of physiology and as a physiological investigator. Sir W. C. Roberts Austen is the chief chemist and assayer at the Royal Mint and was knighted this year. The Presidents of the sections are as follows: Mathematical and Physical Science, Professor J. H. Poynting, F.R.S.; Chemistry, Mr. Horace T. Brown, F.R.S.; Geology, Sir Archibald Geikie, F.R.S.; Zoology, Mr. Adam Sedgwick, F.R.S.; Geography, Sir John Murray, F.R.S.; Economic Science and Statistics, Mr. Henry Higgs; Mechanical Science, Sir W. H. White, F.R.S.; Anthropology, Mr. C. H. Read; Physiology, Mr. J. N. Langley, F.R.S.; and Botany, Sir George King, F.R.S. Our photographs are by the following firms:—Sir Michael Foster, Maull and Fox, Piccadilly; Sir John Murray, Sir W. H. White, Sir W. C. Roberts Austen, and Professor Schafer by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street; and Sir A. Geikie by Werner and Son, Dublin.



SIR JOHN MURRAY
President of the Geography Section



SIR MICHAEL FOSTER
President of the British Association



SIR W. C. ROBERTS AUSTEN
General Secretary



PROFESSOR E. A. SCHAFER
General Secretary



SIR ARCHIBALD GEIKIE
President for Geology Section



SIR W. H. WHITE
President for Mechanical Science Section

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION: SOME OFFICIALS AT THE DOVER MEETING

but returned in the evening to Friedrichshof. His Royal Highness reached London on Friday afternoon, and Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark came to town to meet him from Ajbleton House, Sandringham. The Prince has had quite a little round of visits to the London theatres. In the evening, accompanied by Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark, he witnessed the performance of *The Degenerates* at the Haymarket. On Saturday evening the Prince, with Princess Charles of Denmark, attended the first performance of *The G.ello*, at the Comedy; and, on Monday, accompanied by Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark, His Royal Highness witnessed the performance of *The Silver King* at the Lyceum. On Sunday the Prince of Wales and Princess Charles of Denmark drove to White Lodge, Richmond, to visit the Duke of Teck. On Monday night the Prince of Wales concluded his stay in London, and left King's Cross for Duntreath Castle, the Stirlingshire seat of Sir Archibald Edmondstone. While in the north he will pay visits to the Queen at Balmoral and to the Duke of Fife at Mar Lodge, and is not likely to be back in town for nearly a month.

King Christian of Denmark has, as usual, at this time of the year, been entertaining a large number of his family. On the occasion of the unveiling of a National Monument at Copenhagen, commemorating the two Schleswig wars, which has been erected in the square in front of the Town Hall, a large number of the members of the Danish Royal family were present.

The Duke and Duchess of York concluded their visit to the Queen on Monday, and left Balmoral for Mar Lodge.

LETTER-BAG of the President of the United States. Of these fully eighty per cent. never reach his eye, only the really important letters being sent to the President and his special secretary. The great mass of letters, some for money, some for official

Our Bookshelf

"IN THE NIGER COUNTRY"

THERE are many parts of the world in which an Englishman's life "is not a happy one," but, judging from the description given by Mr. Harold Bindloss, life "In the Niger Country" (Blackwood) must be very little worth living. "It is the land of heat and steam, dense forests of cottonwood and oil palms, muddy rivers and wastes of quaking swamps. The shadow of the pestilence hangs heavily above it, and throughout the greater portion Ju-Ju superstition reigns supreme." The book is full of interesting and curious facts and incidents. The author gives stirring accounts of the different engagements that have been fought in this country, including the unfortunate Weima affair, where the English and French attacked each other, each believing that they were fighting Samuda's army. The author knows the country well, and what he has to tell he tells well. This is what he says about a trader's life in Nigeria:—"They work with feverish energy, with the one aim of making all the money they can, so as to get out of it at the earliest possible moment and begin again in some more favoured region. One trader from a forsaken place called Dejama explained the position frankly as follows:—'We make every cent we can, and I would sooner be worked to death than be idle here. All you have to look forward to is the arrival of the quarterly liquor supply. Then we

the beauty of the sentiments, be they tender or sublime, for that tragic power which stirs the deepest regions of the soul and never fails to arouse the passions dormant in the dullest mind, for energy of expression, for the art of bringing events about and of managing situations, I have read nothing, either in Greek or in French, which surpasses the drama in England. Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, Dryden's *Don Sebastian*, Otway's *Orphan* and *Venice Preserved*, several plays of Congreve's, Farquhar's, &c., are excellent tragedies, where one finds a thousand beauties united." Voltaire seems to have had great doubts about Shakespeare; he appears to be frightened of his influence on French dramatic art. At one time, to a moderate extent, he praises him, but later he finds no words strong enough in which to condemn the English poet. Diderot, the encyclopaedist and friend of Voltaire, had said "Ah! sir, that Shakespeare was a terrible mortal: he is not the antique gladiator, nor the Apollo Belvedere, but he is the shapeless and rough-hewn colossus of Notre Dame (St. Christopher)—a Gothic colossus, but between whose legs we could all pass." All thought Voltaire, and his indignation waxed. In 1776 Voltaire wrote to d'Argental:—"Have you by any chance read the volumes by that wretch (Le Tourneur) in which he tries to make us regard Shakespeare as the only model of real tragedy? There are already two volumes printed of that Shakespeare which seems a collection of plays meant for booths at the fair and written two hundred years ago. . . . The worst of it is that the monster (Le Tourneur) has a party in France,

build in America, and Johann Zupke carried the hammer to England. It was, however, English houses, with that of Br at the head, that effected improvements which have resulted in the appropriation of the name "English" to the mechanical art of Silbermann. The critical chapters on Mozart, Beethoven, and other great musicians are brightly written and clear, and should prove of great interest to those who thoroughly understand music; but, naturally, they are too technical for the majority of people. The volume is full of illustrations, including many rare old prints and piano scores.

"THE GAMBLING WORLD"

"Rouge et Noir," judging from his book, "The Gambling World" (Hutchinson), has had a good deal of experience of the various kinds, and in many places, and his experience has taught him that it is an amusement to be carefully avoided. He has, however, discovered a system by which he managed to win, to a certain extent, but he admits that there was a good deal of luck in it. At Homburg he made from 90*l.* to 130*l.* a night for six months, on the seventh he lost, not only all his winnings, but 450*l.* in three-quarters of an hour's play. One of the most interesting chapters in the book is that on Monte Carlo. The average paid to the shareholders averages 38 per cent., the real earnings about 24,000,000 francs a year. The book is extremely interesting.



DRAWN BY PERCY F. S. SPENCE

The officers of the 1st West African Frontier Force recently organised a race meeting at Jebba. Among the competitors were native non-commissioned officers and men of the Mounted Infantry. Competition was a race open to native non-commissioned officers and men of the Mounted Infantry. Competition was a race open to native non-commissioned officers and men of the Mounted Infantry.

The prizes were 10*s.* for the first man and 5*s.* for the second. Six competitors had to ride on troop horses. The prizes were 10*s.* for the first man and 5*s.* for the second. Six competitors had to ride on troop horses. The prizes were 10*s.* for the first man and 5*s.* for the second. Six competitors had to ride on troop horses.

WITH THE WEST AFRICAN FRONTIER FORCE: A RACE MEETING AT JEBBA ON THE NIGER

have a carnival for a week and forget it; afterwards it is worse than before, and we hold on until the next arrives."

"SHAKESPEARE IN FRANCE"

Few books that have been published of late are more worth reading than "Shakespeare in France," by J. J. Jusserand (Unwin). Not only does the author trace the influence that Shakespeare had on the French drama, but he also gives us the opinions of the most celebrated French writers and critics on Shakespeare. In the beginning Addison was better known and much more admired in France than Shakespeare. The oldest appreciation of Shakespeare in the French language was written by Nicolas Clement, the Royal Librarian, in a catalogue of books which he commenced in 1675 and finished in 1684. He says: "Ce poète anglois a l'imagination aussi telle, il pense naturellement, il s'exprime avec finesse; mais ses belles qualitez sont obscurcies par les ordures qu'il mele dans ses comedies." L'Abbe Prevost visited England in the early part of the eighteenth century. His impressions are most interesting. He goes, amongst other places, to Oxford, visits castles, sits in the coffee-houses where "milords" and artisans discuss State affairs; coffee-houses "are, as it were, the seat of Anglican liberty." He frequents the theatres, and Mrs. Oldfield seems to him so beautiful that—triumph of love—he sets himself the task of learning English on her account. Soon the sight of the actress was not his chief pleasure; he became an enthusiastic admirer of the English dramatic art, and particularly of Shakespeare. The fault he finds in English plays is their want of regularity. "But," he says, "for

and worse than the worst, I was myself the first to speak of this Shakespeare; I was the first to show the French a few pearls that I had found in his enormous dunghill."

"THE STORY OF THE PIANOFORTE"

Musicians in general and pianoforte players in particular will accord a hearty welcome to Messrs. Kellet and Naylor's translation of Oscar Reiz's clever and detailed "Story of the Pianoforte" (Dent). The volume contains not only the history of that instrument, but well-written and well-thought-out chapters on the greatest composers and players of all times, from William Bird and John Bull to Schumann, Liszt, and Sterndale Bennett. It is in the Elizabethan age, says the author, that the clavier begins for the first time to play a part in the world. Sir James Melville has recorded that Queen Elizabeth herself played very well—for a Queen. The clavier, for which English musicians wrote their pieces, was called a virginal. This was a peculiarly handy kind of spinet; it is to be presumed that it was called a virginal out of compliment to our Virgin Queen. Piano-playing was more of an accomplishment for women than for men, if one can judge by contemporary art, for in scarcely any pictures is a man to be found sitting at a clavier. The modern piano, we are told, is of German origin, but chiefly through emigration the best manufactories were transported to foreign parts. The greatest French, English, American, and Austrian piano factories can almost all be traced back to Germans. The three great Parisian houses, those of Pleyel, Erard, and Pape, were founded by Germans. Steinway emigrated from Brunswick to

but is somewhat marred by silly diatribes against cycling, warts, moustaches, smoking cigarettes—in fact, against everything that the author does not do. It is a case of "compounding for sin—he's inclined to, by damning those he has no mind to." In the appendix will be found some readable chapters on "Gambling the Turf," by "Blue Gown," "Gambling Days at Homburg," by the late G. A. Sala, "A Great Card Swindle," by Nevil Maskelyne, and others on kindred subjects by well-known writers. The chapter on "Monte Carlo" is well illustrated by Paul Renard.

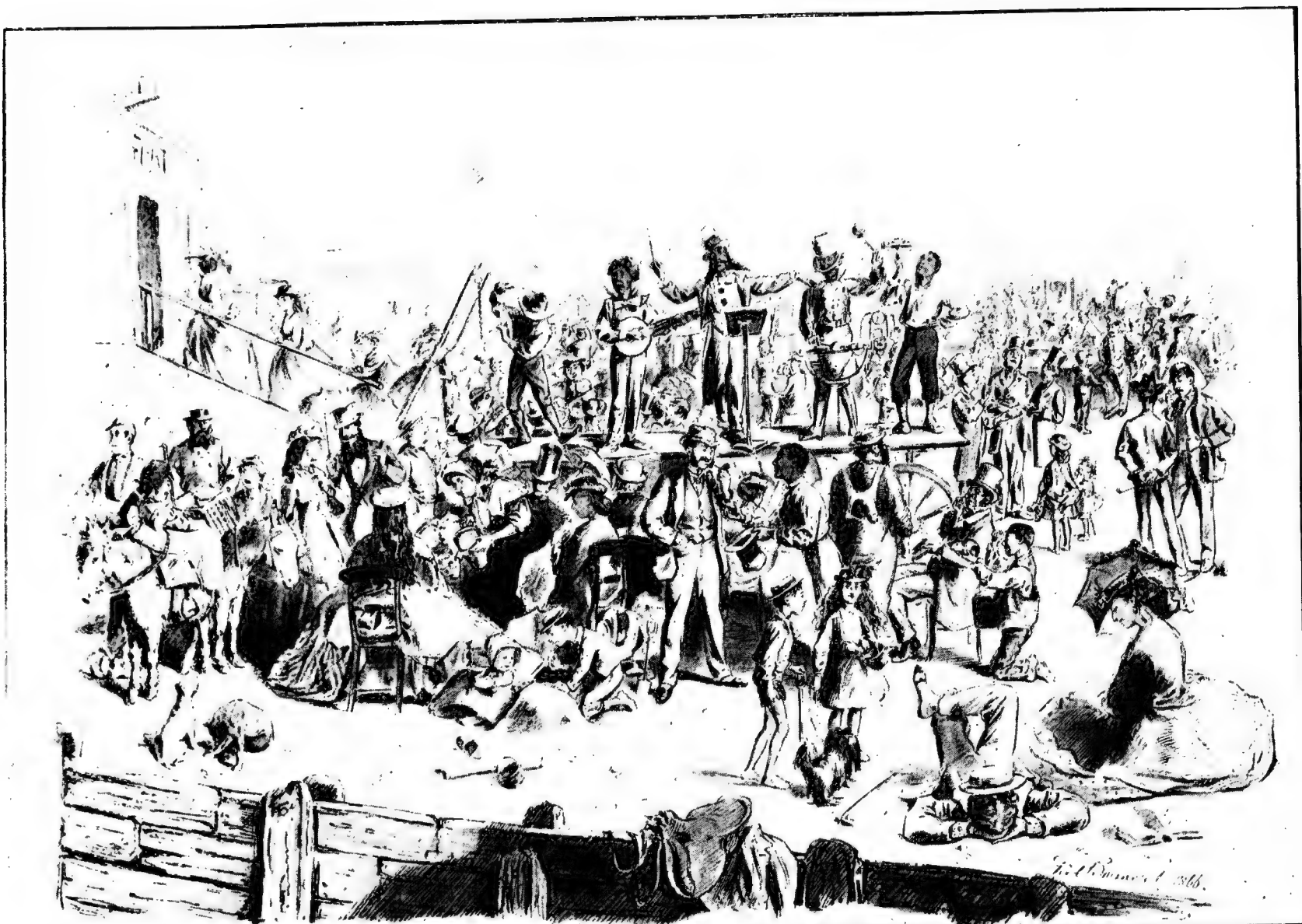
"ROMAN LIFE UNDER THE CÆSARS"

The task that Professor Emile Thomas set himself in his attempt to put before the public a true picture of "Roman Life Under the Cæsars" was no easy one. All that study and research could do has been done. In the main he has been successful in his work, but still the picture he paints is somewhat colourless. He says that he has sedulously avoided hackneyed phrases and fictions of every kind; he thinks that Gallus and Camulogenes have had their day; and yet, in our opinion, these fictions are the most important aids we have to conjure up, rightly or wrongly, in our minds a picture of Rome as it was in ancient times. The author's description of Pompeii, the Forum, and more particularly of the Baths and of the Games, are excellent. Perhaps the most interesting chapter in the book, and the one that gives us the best idea of the manners and customs of the Romans, is that entitled "A Typical Roman of the Empire: Pliny the Younger."



Poppies for the manufacture of opium are grown in increasing quantities in the Yangtse Valley. Travelers in the forties make no mention of poppy cultivation in the district. In the sixties there was a certain amount of land devoted to it. Now it is widely cultivated, and our illustration represents a very common sight.

A CHARACTERISTIC SCENE IN THE YANGTSE VALLEY: A POPPY FIELD IN THE SZECHUAN PROVINCE



"ON THE SANDS": RAMSGATE THIRTY YEARS AGO

AN UNPUBLISHED SKETCH BY THE LATE FRED BARNARD

The Theatres

By W. MOY THOMAS

"THE GHETTO"

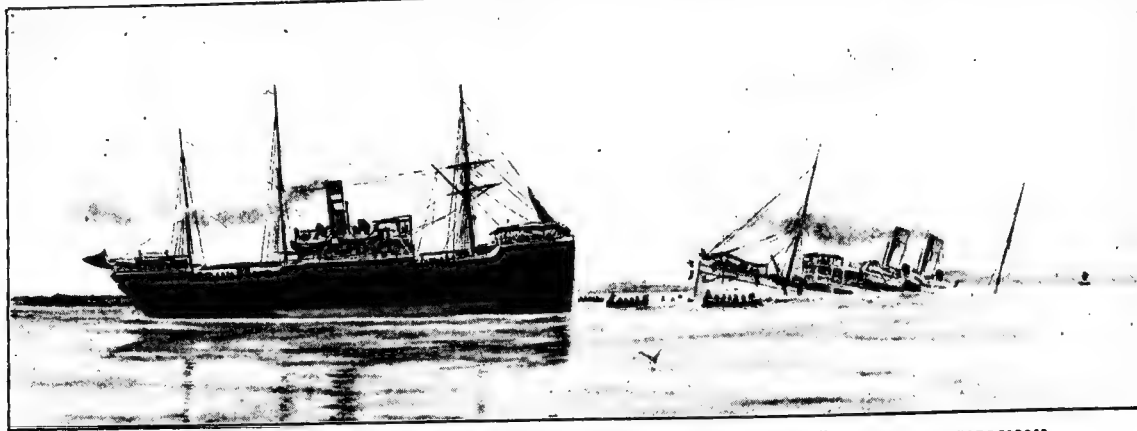
FRESH from the shock of the monstrous verdict of the military judges of the unhappy Dreyfus, the audience at the COMEDY Theatre on Saturday evening were probably in no mood to welcome a play which has an obvious tendency to foster prejudices against the Jewish race. Something more, however, than a feeling which must have been present on that occasion to all generous minds has to be taken into account when it is asked why *The Ghetto* left a sense of disappointment? The Dutch author's pictures of life in the Jewish quarter of Amsterdam are, no doubt, sombre and repulsive; but that is no reason why the revolt of his young hero, Rafael, against the sordid and narrow-minded views of his co-religionists—above all, why his love for his father's handmaiden, the beautiful Christian woman, Rosa, should not have been made interesting? Old Sachel, his blind father, is a rogue and a cheat; Aaron, his neighbour, is a mean trickster; his daughter Rebecca, whom he would marry to the son of the wealthy Sachel, while he haggles over the dowry, is a self-seeking coquette, the Rabbi Haezer is a time-serving intriguer, and other denizens of the Ghetto are scarcely more worthy of respect; but still love and generous aspirations appeal to our sympathies, and it is easy to imagine that the datum of Herr Heyermann's story could be made in skillful hands to furnish material for a moving drama. It is, in fact, not so much in the theme as in the handling of the story that the play, or at all events this English version, fails to lay hold of our sympathies. As Rafael declares himself profoundly dissatisfied with Judaism as exemplified in the life of the Jewish colony in the old Dutch capital, one would fain see something of the working of the new movement which he proclaims: as regards his love for the Christian girl, who has been engaged to perform menial offices in the Jewish household which those who profess his faith regard as unlawful for Jewish hands to do on Sabbaths and fast days, there is a natural expectation that he will manifest his passion by some act of generous devotion. But beyond a momentary oratorical effort on the steps of the synagogue, Rafael leaves the question of Judaism and its narrow-mindedness untouched, and though he publicly declares, in the presence of the Jewish crowd, that Rosa is his wife, he coolly leaves her exposed to the furious fanaticism of his family and the inhabitants of the Ghetto in general, while he wanders about the world seeking his fortune as a musician. It is true that his letters to his wife have been intercepted by the conspirators; but, apart from this act, when the odious Sachel falsely swears to her that her husband has repudiated and deserted her, she has only too good reason to put faith in the story, and welcome death in the waters of the canal. I do not know whether this purely tragic ending is in accordance with the original play. The adaptor complains that his version has been tampered with by the management, and I have seen some proof sheets of his adaptation in which the curtain falls upon the spectacle of Rafael crossing the bridge with the rescued Rosa in his arms—whether dead or alive seems doubtful. In the English piece, as it stands, Rafael re-appears at the same fatal moment, and when last seen is lamenting over her dead body, and exclaiming, "I am a Jew, and I am alone!" But in both versions the *dénouement* is obscure, and the problems which the story involves seem to be evaded rather than followed out to their logical issues. Mr. Kyrle Bellew, it must be confessed, makes a picturesque and interesting Rafael, but his efforts are impeded by the author's too copious dialogue. Assuredly Mrs. Brown-Potter did not fall short of the ideal of the beautiful Christian woman, though unfortunately this actress still clings to some eccentricities of voice and manner which detract from the sincerity of her performance. Mr. Titheradge's impersonation of the terrible Sachel falls too much into the vein of old-fashioned suburban melodrama. Mr. Volpe's Aaron, on the other hand, is a well studied portrait; Mr. Beveridge's Rabbi is also entitled to praise, and Mrs. Charles Calvert as Sachel's sister Esther relieved the gloom of the play by some touches of humour. The scenes in Amsterdam—both exteriors and interiors—painted for the occasion by Mr. E. G. Banks, provide a very picturesque background for the story.

"THE ELIXIR OF YOUTH"

The new farcical comedy, *The Elixir of Youth*, with which the VAUDEVILLE has re-opened for the autumn season, has the merit of starting from an intelligible idea. Messrs. Sims and Merrick—

or rather the German authors of whose piece this is an adaptation—have conceived the notion of a certain "serum," which, being hypodermically injected into the human system, is capable of turning back "the forward flowing tide of Time" in the interests of any elderly person who, like Faust, may desire to be made young again. The discoverer of this rejuvenating fluid is seen to try its effects upon a staid, elderly married gentleman, who forthwith becomes not youthful merely but so frolicsome and volatile that there is no end to his audacious escapades and the domestic troubles in which they involve him. The farce is played with spirit by Mr. George Giddens, Miss Ellis Jeffreys, Miss Juliette Nesville, and other members of the VAUDEVILLE company. Unfortunately the treatment is rather diffuse, and the authors exhibit a tendency to lose sight of their original starting point; but *The Elixir of Youth*, nevertheless, affords much entertainment, and is likely to hold a place for some time in the VAUDEVILLE bill.

The management of DRURY LANE have found it necessary to



THE BOATS OF THE SS. "SCINDIA" RESCUING THE CREW OF THE "RESOLUTE" AFTER THE COLLISION

THE DISASTER IN THE HOOGLY

postpone the re-opening of that theatre from Thursday last till this evening, when Mr. Cecil Raleigh's new romantic drama, *Hearts are Trumps*, of which we have already published some particulars, will be played for the first time.

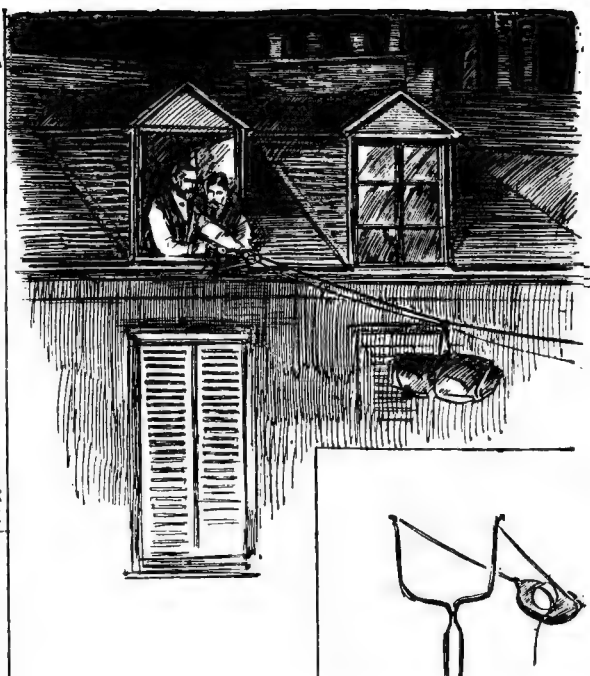
There is hardly any need to say that the title *Hearts are Trumps* has been discovered by some theatrical antiquary to have been already used, since that is the almost invariable fate of the playwright who fondly imagines that he can invent a title that has not been anticipated. The earlier *Hearts are Trumps* was, it seems, a now-forgotten domestic drama by the late Mark Lemon, brought out at the STRAND Theatre in 1849, with William Farren and Mr. Stirling in leading parts.

Refreshed by a brief holiday Sir Henry Irving, Miss Ellen Terry, and the other members of the LYCEUM company commenced their extensive professional tour on Monday last at the PRINCE OF WALES'S Theatre, Birmingham. On Monday next they will visit Newcastle, and after appearances in other great cities will sail from Liverpool in time to appear in New York on October 30. Twenty-two more or less populous American cities are embraced in the programme of their American tour. They count on being back again in England in the latter days of March.

Master Sefton, who as the representative of little Prince Arthur in Mr. Tree's forthcoming revival of *King John*, is wanted for the rehearsals at HER MAJESTY'S, has been succeeded in the part of Midshipman Winter at the ADELPHI by Master Gerald Denny, who as the son of Mr. W. H. Denny, of the SAVOY, and the grandson of that excellent actress, Mrs. Leigh, now also engaged at the ADELPHI, has a double claim to the playgoer's welcome. The little actor, who plays with such quiet ease and composure, is stated to make on this occasion his first appearance on any stage.



DRAWN BY D. MACPHERSON



FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST

THE SIEGE OF "FORT CHABROL" IN PARIS: HOW THE GARRISON HAS BEEN SUPPLIED WITH FOOD

The new playhouse at Balham, which is to be known as "The ROYAL DUCHESS Theatre," will throw open its doors for the first time on Monday next, when a company, which will include Mr. Hayden Coffin in his original part, will appear in *The Ghetto*. The theatre is one of the handsomest in our southern suburbs.

Mr. Murray Carson played the part of King Richard III., and Mrs. Bernard Beere that of Queen Margaret in a revival of Shakespeare's play at the PRINCESS OF WALES'S Theatre, Birmingham, on Monday evening. This, it is announced, will be followed by the production of a new comedy of modern life, a revival of *King Henry V.*, and a new play by Mr. L. N. Parker. Mr. Carson's essay in managership is stated to be "somewhat of a rival to the old stock company system" now so generally displaced by the system of brief engagements of travelling companies.

Mr. H. J. W. Dam, the well-known dramatic author, who has been acting as the special correspondent of the *New York Herald*

at Rennes throughout the recent trial by court-martial, has written a new drama called *King of Fools*, which will be brought out at the GRAND Theatre, London, on the 25th inst.

The new drama by Mrs. L. N. Parker and Wilson Barrett which is some day to take the place now occupied at the LYCEUM by the revival of that interesting play, *The Silver King*, is to be known as *Man and His Makers*.

The Disaster in the Hooghly

THE British India Steam Navigation Company's steamer *Scindia* which was leaving port for a survey trip, when the latter, in trying to cross the bows of the *Resolute* at Diamond Harbour, ran foul of her. Being struck and damaged, the *Resolute* had a large hole stove in her, and rapidly began to sink in spite of the strenuous efforts of the crew, under Captain Waller, to save her. A terrible scene was then witnessed. The captain of the *Scindia* sent three boats to the rescue of the unfortunate crew, and the chief officer, the second and third engineer, besides a number of the native crew were rescued. Captain Waller, the chief engineer, and the second and third officers, together with about fifty men, were lost. It is said that Captain Waller refused to leave the ship, and was on the bridge till the vessel sank.

The Siege of Fort Chabrol

AT the time of writing M. Guérin, the anti-Semite, is still shut up in Fort Chabrol defying the law. The French police do not seem remarkable for their watchfulness. The house, it was understood, had been isolated and disinfected with phenic acid, the water supply was cut, the roofs all round occupied by firemen, gendarmes, and detectives, yet the garrison held out to the amazement of the besiegers. And now the secret of the non-surrender is out. It appears that the police suspected that food had been supplied to the people in "Fort Chabrol" through the wall in the basement. While they were occupied in investigating this matter the garrison had been reinvigorated over and over again by a very simple contrivance. No. 34, Rue de Chabrol is directly opposite the "Fort," and from this house food has been passed at night-time to the garrison and his companions by a rope running on a rope which was stretched across the street. The apparatus worked in the same way as the life-saving system of firing a rope with a rocket, a wreck, and so hauling a cable by means of a pulley and the rope.

This simple method of twinkling the besiegers never have been discovered not the people in No. 34 clumsy enough to drop a rope in the street, and so drew attention of the police to the ingenious little device. The other morning the police visited No. 34, Rue de Chabrol and surprised four men, who were said to be the authors of this little comedy. A quantity of provisions was seized, a number of baskets and sacks containing meat, eggs, potatoes, &c., being taken to the Police Commissary's office in the Cité d'Hauteville.

The four men were arrested. They offered a desperate resistance, and three policemen were injured, one being seriously bitten while another was kicked in the stomach.

New Models

"KIT KENNEDY"

ONE of the chapters—it is the thirtieth—of Mr. S. R. Crockett's "Kit Kennedy: Country Boy" (James Clarke) affords us a singular sensation. It was not merely of having read it all before, but of knowing exactly, at every point, what the next would be; nor was the anticipation ever wrong. The possibility of having met with it during a serial publication of the novel being quite out of the question, we were beginning to feel on the threshold of perhaps

some important psychological discovery when, to our disappointment, memory gradually identified it as a verbal importation from the same author's "Bog-Myrtle and Peat," where the foot-chapter appeared as an isolated story. We think that a footnote of a word or two would have been considerate on the author's part, for the time of novel-reviewers has become crowded in these days, and their memories taxed well-nigh beyond the power to meet even necessary demands. However, Mr. Crockett no doubt thought that the bit would bear both a second reading and expansion into a full-blown novel, and we cannot say that he was altogether wrong. The same Kit Kennedy whom we only casually met as a farm-lad for a few brief early hours of a winter morning we now accompany intimately from his birth to his election to a bursary at Edinburgh, and thence to his marriage. The career of many a small Scots peasant, who has fought his way up from the plough to the college, has been as full of sheer human interest as Kit's; and Kit's only loses, we incline to think, by its admixture of improbable complication and sensational adventure. But the story, effective as it is, is of little account beside the real interest of the book; that is to say, the pictures of Mr. Crockett's own Galloway with which it abounds—the pathos and the humour of humble lives passed in a world that still remains old. Mr. Crockett's public will find him, in this respect, at his best, and in his most congenial mood.

"THE PASSION OF ROSAMUND KEITH"

"The Passion of Rosamund Keith," by Martin J. Pritchard (Hutchinson and Co.), is a more than usually able and interesting novel. Its central situation, though it seems to be taking a recognised position among current plots, will not be universally attractive—that of a man whose religious convictions prevent him from marrying again so long as his divorced wife is alive. The misfortune of Rosamund's lover is that the conviction has grown up in him subsequently to his engagement to her; and that his love and his conscience are equally strong. But no special interest in the plot is necessary for an appreciation of the story as one of incident, especially after its scene has been transferred to a remote spot among the Albanian Mountains, where the few inhabitants are as savage as the Nature around them. The "Passion" of Rosamund—as her unique experience is termed—is of a far more dramatic character than her relation to the man who loves her only next to his soul. We were seriously alarmed lest it should end in a tragedy, and we are accordingly grateful to Mr. Pritchard not only for a good story but for a happy close.

"A PASSING EMPEROR"

Mr. Robert Shortz's story, "A Passing Emperor" (George Routledge and Sons), deals with one of the world's great tragedies—that of the Archduke Maximilian, for a short season Emperor of Mexico. That is to say, as much of the story as its supposed narrator, an ex-cadet of Westpoint and an adventurer in the Imperial service, can spare from the more personally absorbing subject of his own love affairs. Five beautiful beings, at least are passionately in love with this tremendous young lady-killer, who could not show himself out of doors without attracting the demure but admiring glances of every woman, gentle and simple, old and young, "Greaser" and "Gringo"—as the Mexicans and Yankees respectively nickname one another. Of the five, one disappeared in the character of a woman scorned; another died for him; another,

employed to ruin him, betrayed the plot and forfeited the pay; a fourth, unable to win him back after losing him, did the next best thing for herself by marrying his friend and follower; and the fifth married him. She was certainly the best of the lot—though to say that she married him is more accurate than to say she married her. In short, this John Bellhouse from Westpoint is an admirable coxcomb. But, like many a coxcomb, he can fight—at least, as the story says; and he describes his battles and duels so well as to dispel the belief in his death is interestingly exposed; and we wish that John Bellhouse had given us more history and less autobiography. An exciting story would then have been more exciting.



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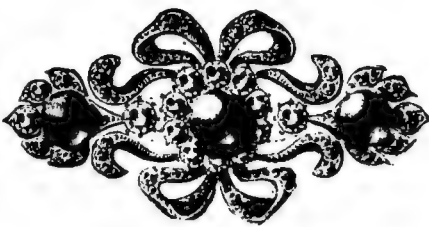
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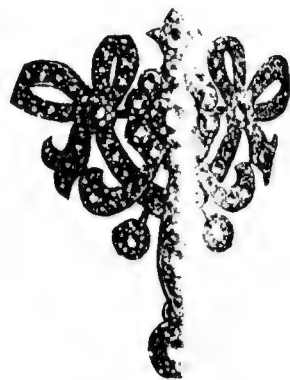
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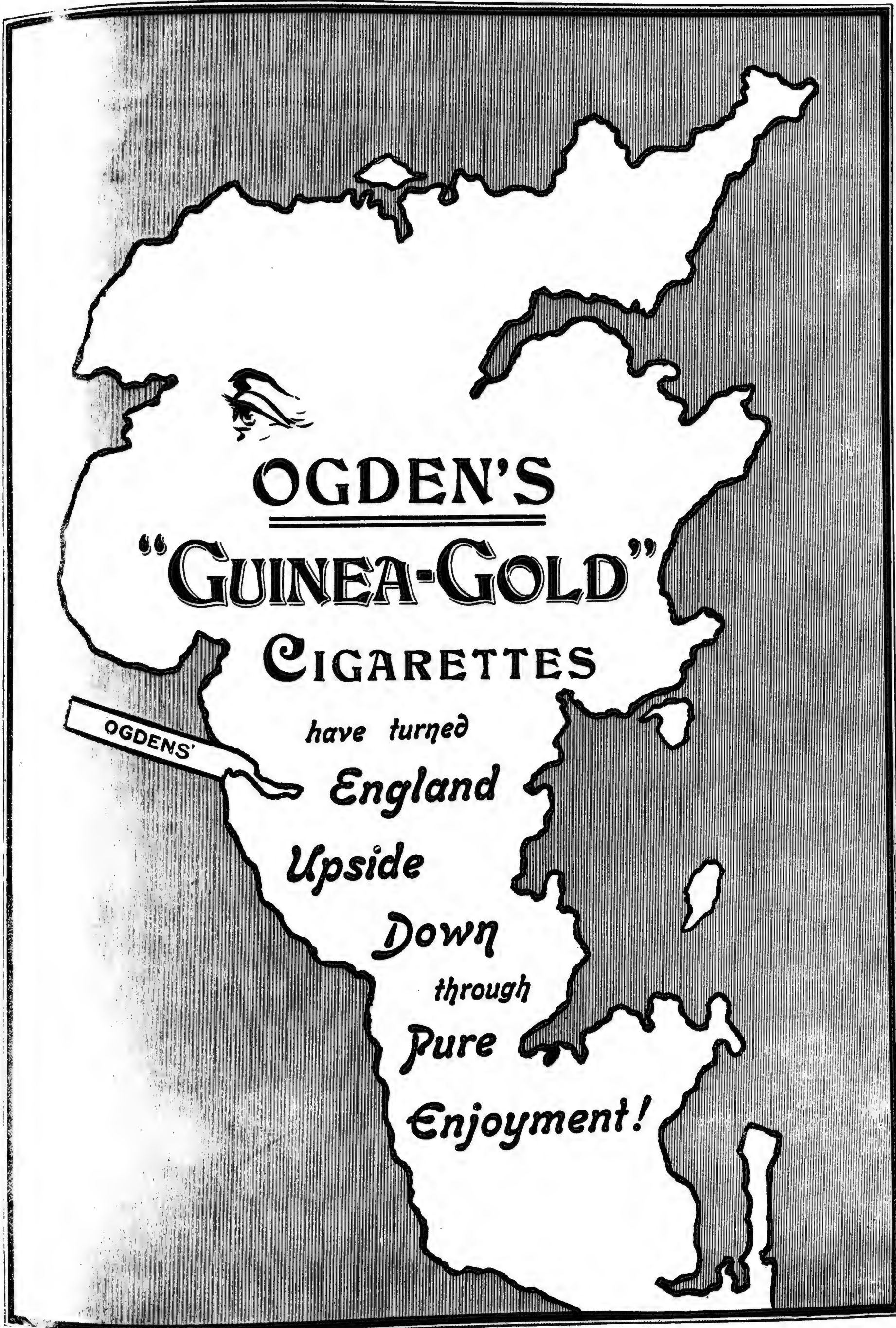


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Of all these *grandes dames* perhaps the one with the most real character is Sophia, the Electress; she was a strong-minded woman, who took everything that came along in an unromantic, business-like way. For instance, there were several suitors for her hand, but in the end she was betrothed to Duke George William of Brunswick. She accepted him because "she considered him decidedly preferable as a suitor to Prince Adolf of Sweden, another of her suitors. Duke George was a man who was fond of his pleasures, and after his betrothal went to Italy, where, after a good

The readers of "Marysienka, Queen of Poland and Wife of Sobieski," by D. Waliszewski, translated from the French by Lady Mary Loyd (Heinemann), will have no cause to complain of the lack of *chronique scandaleuses*, for the heroine of these pages did not fail to make use of her charms to gain whatever object she had in view. The lives of Marysienka and her husband are full of romance, and the times in which they lived (1641-1716) were among

There is little to be said regarding "Elizabeth, Empress of Austria," by A. de Burgh. It is a chatty and well-illustrated volume, panegyric, but of no historical value. Judging by the careful descriptions of the costumes worn by the Empress and Court, in the hunting-field, and elsewhere, it is evidently meant to appeal more particularly to readers of the fair sex.

WE have received the "Four Provinces of Ireland," issued by the Irish Railways, which is accompanied by a map, and is plentifully illustrated; the Union Steamship Company's handbook refers to the Continent by their steamers; the Orient Company's Guide to the Eastern Cruises to the land of the midn'ght sun—pretty got up and handsomely illustrated; the "Handbook En Route, Isle of Man," a pretty souvenir of coast and mountain electric railways issued free by the Isle of Man Tramways Electric Power Company, Douglas, which is written by the Rev. John Quine and illustrated by G. E. Cowart; the Isle of Man Official Guide, with cyclists' map and lists of hotels, boarding-houses, and lodgings (Official Board of Advertising, Isle of Man); and the "Traveller's Companion and Guide" (Hall Mall Deposit and Forwarding Co., issued free of charge.

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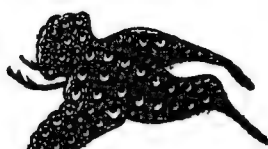
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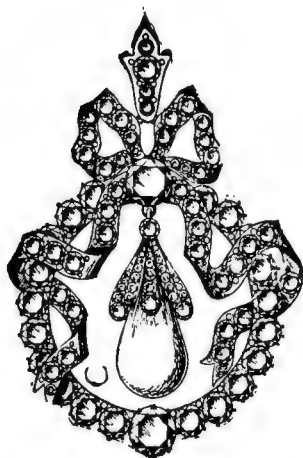
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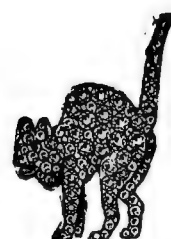
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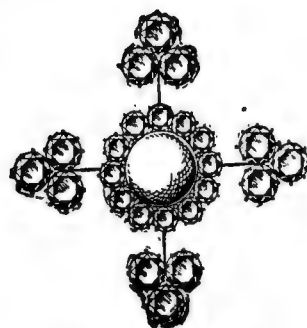
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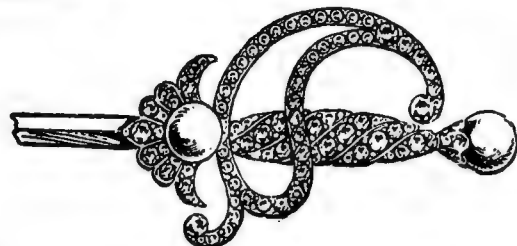
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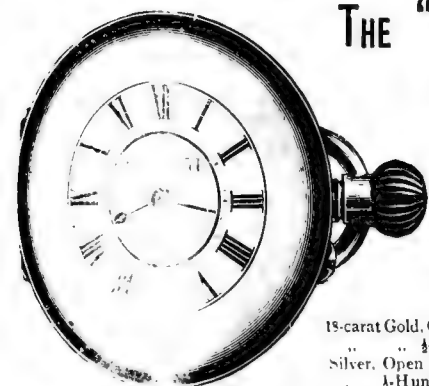


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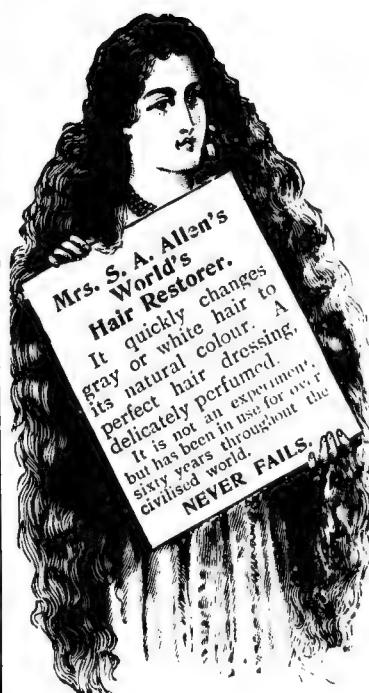
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Rural Notes

THE new edition of "Lean's Royal Navy List" (Witherby and Co.), which makes the eighty-seventh successive issue, is well worthy of its predecessors. Lieutenant-Colonel Francis Lean maintains for his Navy List the high reputation for accuracy which it always enjoyed, and the work will be found to be corrected down to the end of June, note being taken of an appointment that was gazetted on the last day of that month.—The Golfer's Guide Annual (W. H. White and Co., Edinburgh, and Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent and Co.), now appears for the sixth year. The volume contains the latest information to be obtained about 2,308 golf clubs, arranged alphabetically, as against 1,965 in the addition of last year. As showing how popular the game has become in England, it may be said that there are 714 clubs in England and Wales, whereas Scotland has only 582. The "Guide" contains some interesting articles on golfing matters, and also a good retrospect of the championships. The book ought to be popular with the golfing public.

MESSRS. MAPPIN BROTHERS, of Regent Street and Cheapside, E.C., have just produced an interesting novelty which they call "The Khartoum Pencil." The pencils are made out of cartridge



cases actually used by the British troops at the Battle of Omdurman, and obtained by permission of the Sirdar through the Egyptian War Office. These cases have been engraved with the name of the battle and the general order issued to the troops on the morning of the battle, namely, "Remember Gordon." Messrs. Mappin Brothers propose to devote 10 per cent. of the entire proceeds to the Funds of the Gordon Memorial College at Khartoum.

MISTY mornings proclaim the advent of autumn, and in the garden dahlias and sunflowers are beginning to give place to the yellow chrysanthemum. The temperature of the 2nd, 4th and 5th was above that of an average September day, and the nights from the 1st to the 6th exceeded an August mean. But there has been no steadily maintained high day heat, as in the actual summer, and since the 7th the character of the season have been typical of the actual month, September. The rain having been mainly in the form of thunderstorms, has been unequalled. The first twelve days of the month, at which rate the record for a thirty days should prove a full average. The storms having been especially violent in the "hopping" counties, have caused a great deal of damage there, but the chief trouble is with the labourers. The hops this year are very small and extremely numerous—so many that the clusters are perhaps 20 per cent. as numerous as usual, but they

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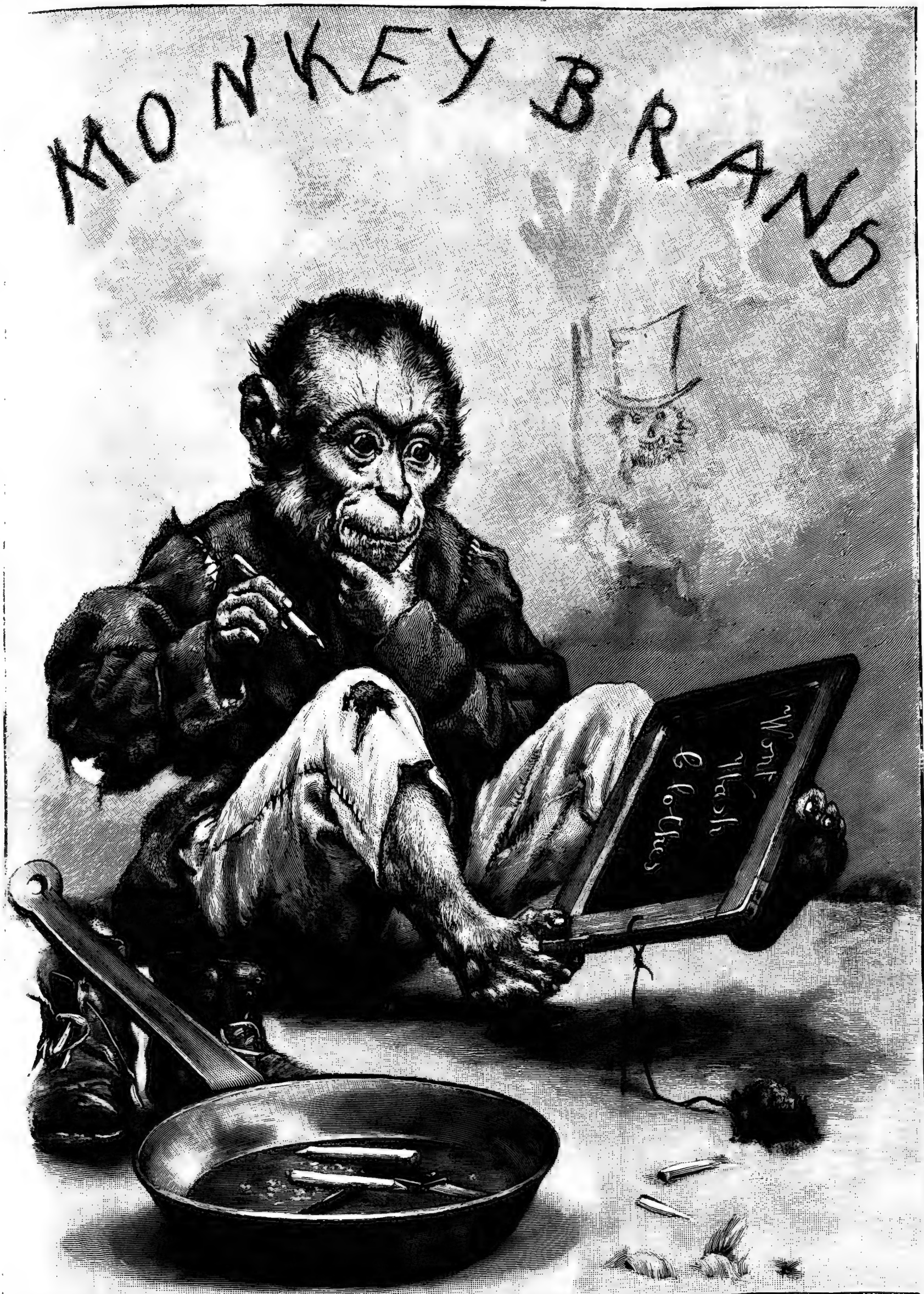
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are made up of smaller hops, and there is consequently a marked increase in the labour of gathering. Thus the labourers have stood out for a six-bushel unit of payment, instead of the usual eight bushels. The new corn is now coming forward more freely than a fortnight ago, and the plump, well-formed wheat grains delight the miller's heart. The barley is too hard and brittle to please the maltster, yet the good colour and sweet flavour are great compensations. The new oats are not good in weight or quality either, so far as we have seen.

THUNDER RAINS

The sudden downpour of the 6th inst. will long be remembered for its violence within the metropolitan area. Between Ludgate Hill to the east and Victoria to the west it amounted to a veritable cloudburst. Yet it seems to have been the same storm which passed over Bournemouth six hours earlier the same morning, and which flooded the villages of the Chilterns three hours later the same afternoon. The paths of storms require to be more studied than they have been, and it also needs demonstrating how far the average travelling storm consists in a number of outbreaks, and how far it gathers materials for its rainy downpour as it proceeds. Those who were out in the London storm of the 6th were not inclined to think that much was left for Hughenden or High Wycombe later on. But did the storm as it moved west gather to itself fresh rain clouds, and if so, what was the focus of attraction in the storm itself? Is

there such a thing as an electrical nucleus of the storm which draws to itself the moisture in the upper air as it proceeds? The whole matter is well worthy of observation and research. The fall in London at Charing Cross was 0.98 of an inch in thirty minutes, which is really a tropical rate of downpour, and would give us 22.52 inches, more than all last year's rainfall, in a single wet day of twelve hours' duration. The thirsty earth quickly drank in the rain heavy as it was, but where the soil was covered with brick or stone the water gave trouble, and many places were flooded.

AUTUMN WORK

"In the autumn," says an old Farm Calendar now before us, "moles should be again killed." The mole has his friends nowadays, and we are not sure that he deserves killing, even once. Perhaps "the man with the gun" would do better in turning his attention to avian rat, as Mr. W. Tegetmeier calls the sparrow. This pest has greatly increased in rural districts, and is not only leading to the extermination of our linnets, finches, and warblers, but is the cause of much money loss to the farmer. The hot and forcing summer has brought fruit well forward, plums are ripe, and damsons will soon be ready too. Apples and pears timed for October 1 in ordinary years, will be ready in a few days, or about October 1 in ordinary years, will be ready in a few days, or about fit to be gathered. The sowing of rye for green feed, of trifolium, rape and tares, should be pushed on, now that rain has softened the surface soil. This green feed is bound to be in great request

this season. A species of autumn work, which will be to the fore this Michaelmas, is that of "patching" small meadows, and the like, where, owing to the July and August, patches of grass have absolutely patches on cricket pitches will also need attention. ryegrass is much recommended for these patching does not disagree with other grasses. We may mixture of timothy, cocksfoot and ribgrass. Any will make a mixture of these three grass seeds. perennial ryegrass should get the heavy sort, weighing to thirty pounds to the bushel. This is well worth cost, especially as the seed is best sown too thick, bushel will be found to go a remarkably long way, reviving with the showers. They are most in quicklime should be sprinkled for them in the night.

DUCKS AND THE STORM

We hear from several sources of the strange effect storms had on the farm ducks. The old saying seems literally verified, and many ducks seem to have been in a remarkable manner. They were observed to swim rapidly, but with their beaks under water, and their to suffocation. Different farmers in different coincident notes, so that the fact is hard to dispute.

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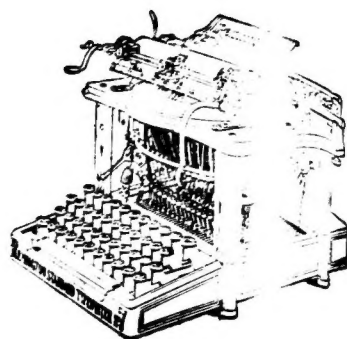
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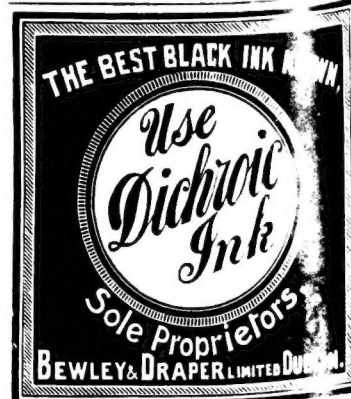
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